



**An Anthology
of
Modern Kashmiri Verse
(1930-1960)**

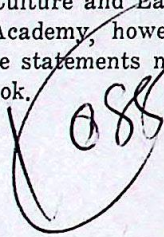
selected and translated by
Trilokinath Raina

with a foreword by
Ghulam Mohammad Sadiq

Published 1972

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To
the memory of
my father
Pandit Shivji Raina



Foreword

The years between 1930 and 1960 were a period of turbulence and of great national and international importance with changes of a far-reaching consequence taking place all over the world. This period witnessed the rise of the fascist powers, the holocaust of the Second World War and the growth of new tensions consequent upon our stepping into the Nuclear Age. In India, the gathering force of the Freedom Struggle, which had gripped the whole nation, moved on to its climactic phase and ushered in the era of independence. In Kashmir, the feudal regime came to an end. These political changes led to a new awareness, a new awakening, a new urge to question the accepted, orthodox and traditional values in all fields of social activity. There was a socialist urge, a new desire to have a just society. Revolutionary ideas, which the forces of reaction had branded as 'foreign' and 'anti-national', found more and more acceptance with the younger generation who were no longer deferential to taboos. There naturally was a breakdown of what had been regarded as stable moral values.

It is against this background that the literature of this era has to be studied, for each age brings its own art, which reflects not only the living reality but also the changing values and aspirations. During this period, the impact of the progressive movement was seen in all the regional literatures of India. Art had become a vehicle of propaganda for social and political justice. Even the stage was

no longer regarded as a place for providing mere entertainment but a school for political education. The significant writer was the self-conscious artist, i.e., one who regarded socialist realism an all-pervasive literary value.

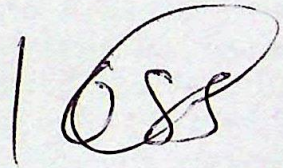
These three decades may rightly be called, as Prof. Raina has done, the 'formative years of modern Kashmiri poetry', for it is during these years of experiment and transition after well over fifty years of literary somnolence that the modern age in Kashmiri literature was born. The contribution of the pioneers, Mahjoor and Azad, not only in restoring to the Kashmiri language its lost prestige but also in infusing a new lyricism into poetry, was only one of the factors that were changing the milieu for the new writers. The apocalyptic change that came in Kashmir with 1947 led to the new poets setting their sights afresh and the emergence of Nadim as the new leader. The poet became the people's articulate voice against feudal rule, class exploitation, war and the imperialist designs on the valley of Kashmir. While much that was written was of ephemeral value, there is no doubt that it was in this crucible of experiment with new forms and new themes that modern Kashmiri poetry had its new birth.

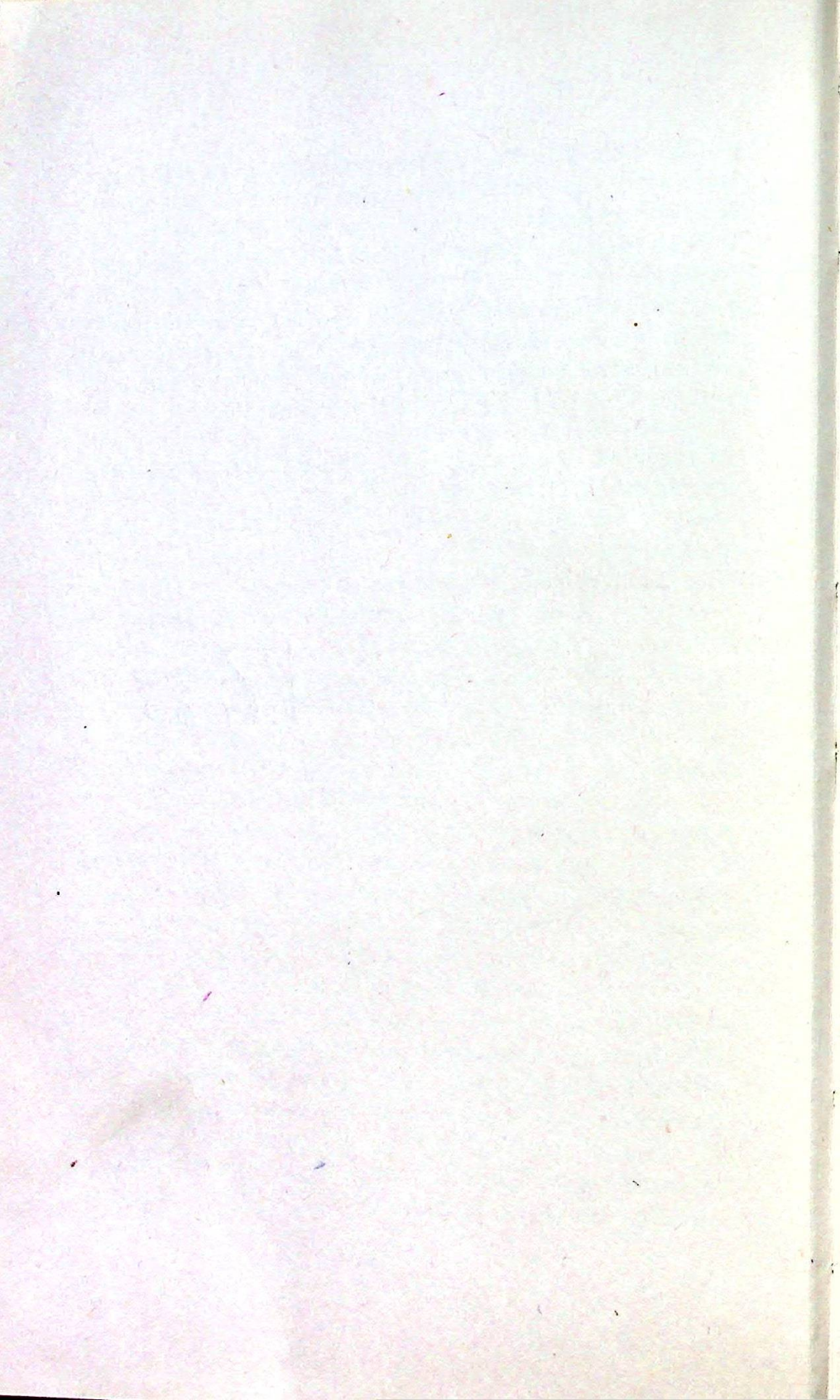
In spite of the multiplicity of the languages in India, there has always been a basic integrity in our country in the sphere of letters. Literature is a great force for global understanding and goodwill. It helps others to understand the culture of a people. Translations are thus of very great importance in promoting this understanding among various linguistic groups. The need for an anthology of Kashmiri poetry which would acquaint the outside reader with modern trends in our literature was long felt, and I must appreciate Prof. Raina's effort in this direction. In spite of the fact of his being away from the State, he has maintained his contact with contemporary Kashmiri literature. Some of his translations have already been

published in *The Visva Bharati Quarterly*, *Poetry India* and *Poetry East-West*. He has also written on the literary renaissance in Kashmir, and was invited by the Indian P E N to read a paper on 'Kashmiri Poetry since Independence' at the 8th PEN Writers' Conference. He deserves appreciation not only for his excellent translations but also for his judicious selection of the poems and the objective analysis of this period of turmoil and exuberance that he has given in the Introduction.

Srinagar
August 24, 1971.

Ghulam Mohammad Sadiq

A handwritten signature in black ink, consisting of a vertical line followed by a large, stylized 'G' and 'S'.



Preface

Kashmir has always been considered a 'paradise on earth', a land of supernal beauty, lovely handicrafts and eloquent archaeological remains — things ever-increasingly advertised in various tourists' guides. But in our age, when stress is laid on national integration and global understanding, this knowledge would be as insufficient to understand modern Kashmir as that of Persian carpets and the ruins at Persepolis to understand modern Iran. What is of paramount importance is to know the distinctive culture of the people who have been living there for centuries. Unfortunately, no one has addressed himself to this task. Books have appeared on the 'Kashmir problem', but these do not touch even the fringe of the problem of understanding the people. What a busy journalist or a politician may gather during a few days' hurried visit to the valley may be — and often is — an incomplete or a misleading picture, for most people are looking only for material to substantiate their *a priori* assumptions on a few political problems, other vital truths being of no significance to them.

It is my firm belief that there can be no better bridges of understanding than bridges of song. Poetry is the language in which the basic and primal emotions of all mankind inevitably find their expression. Poets of one place derive inspiration from those of other places, however different they may otherwise be — linguistically, culturally, ethnically or geographically — for the Muse

does not recognize any barriers. Poets can both feel and communicate more strongly than others, and a poem is undoubtedly the finest expression of an idea, a conflict, an ecstasy, a grief, a philosophy, a protest, a frustration or a determination. Thus poems written by many poets in the same period are a mighty orchestration of the voices of the age. They express the joys and sorrows, hopes and frustrations, urges and aspirations of the people living in that period.

My desire to help people understand modern Kashmir, instead of considering it merely as a tourists' paradise or a pawn in international politics, impelled me to translate a selection of representative poems written between 1930 and 1960 and present them to the outside world in this anthology. I have chosen these three decades because I consider them to be the formative years of modern Kashmiri poetry. I have endeavoured to explain the great significance of these years of transition in the Introduction. Although this happens to be the first period anthology of Kashmiri poems in English translation, and also perhaps the first of its kind as far as the modern period in any regional literature of India is concerned, it suffers from the inevitable handicap of most translations — for no translation can ever recapture the beauty of the original.

This anthology is a bouquet of various flowers, as I have not confined myself to a particular type of poem or a group of poets. Poems like Zinda Kaul's *Compulsion*, Mahjoor's *The Peasant Girl* and *Freedom*, Arif's *Quatrains*, Nadim's *I will not sing to-day* and *The Bitter and the Sweet*, Roshan's *Spring*, Rahi's *Let's talk of To-day* and Kamil's *The Village Iris* — to name only a few — cannot thematically be put in the same basket. The reader will find in this selection love lyrics, philosophical poems, expressionist poems, patriotic poems, poems on war and peace, satires, monologues, sonnets and gazals. They do indeed articulate

a modern sensibility in the modern idiom, but they are all essentially poems of Kashmir. In spite of the impact of various social and political forces, the emergence of new problems and the introduction of new forms, the basic characteristics of Kashmiri poetry — i.e., its firm roots in the soil, its rhythms, its mellifluousness and, above all, its essentially secular character — have remained unchanged.

I regret that certain poems I would have loved to include had to be left out because of the fact that their beauty is almost entirely textural, and would therefore inevitably fall to pieces in translation. The exclusion of poets like Abdul Ahad Zargar, Samad Meer and Laala Lakhman — whose work I value highly — does make the anthology less than sufficiently representative. But this is essentially an anthology of translations, and I cannot imagine a greater disservice to these poets than presenting a travesty of their poems to the outside world. Also, in the case of a few poems, I have left out those lines which have a beauty of the subtle and untranslatable nuances of language in the original, but would only be a bald repetition of an idea in translation. With these few exceptions, all the poems have been translated in their entirety. I have not selected merely purple patches and fine poetical phrases from a poem, consigning the rest of it to oblivion, nor have I subjected a fine satire to censorship because it may be distasteful to some. My primary object is to introduce the reader not merely to good poetry but also to the modern Kashmiri mind and the poetical climate reflected in the poetry of the times.

The Kashmiri text of each poem is given on the left-hand page and its translation on the page opposite. I consider this necessary for various reasons. Those who know Kashmiri would naturally like to know what exactly has been translated, and how much of the poem left out if the poem has not been translated in full. He might also like

to compare the original with the translation. For the reader who does not understand Kashmiri but is interested in the work done in the various regional literatures of India, the original poem will definitely convey an idea of its rhyme, rhythm, metre, stanzaic structure and verbal melody.

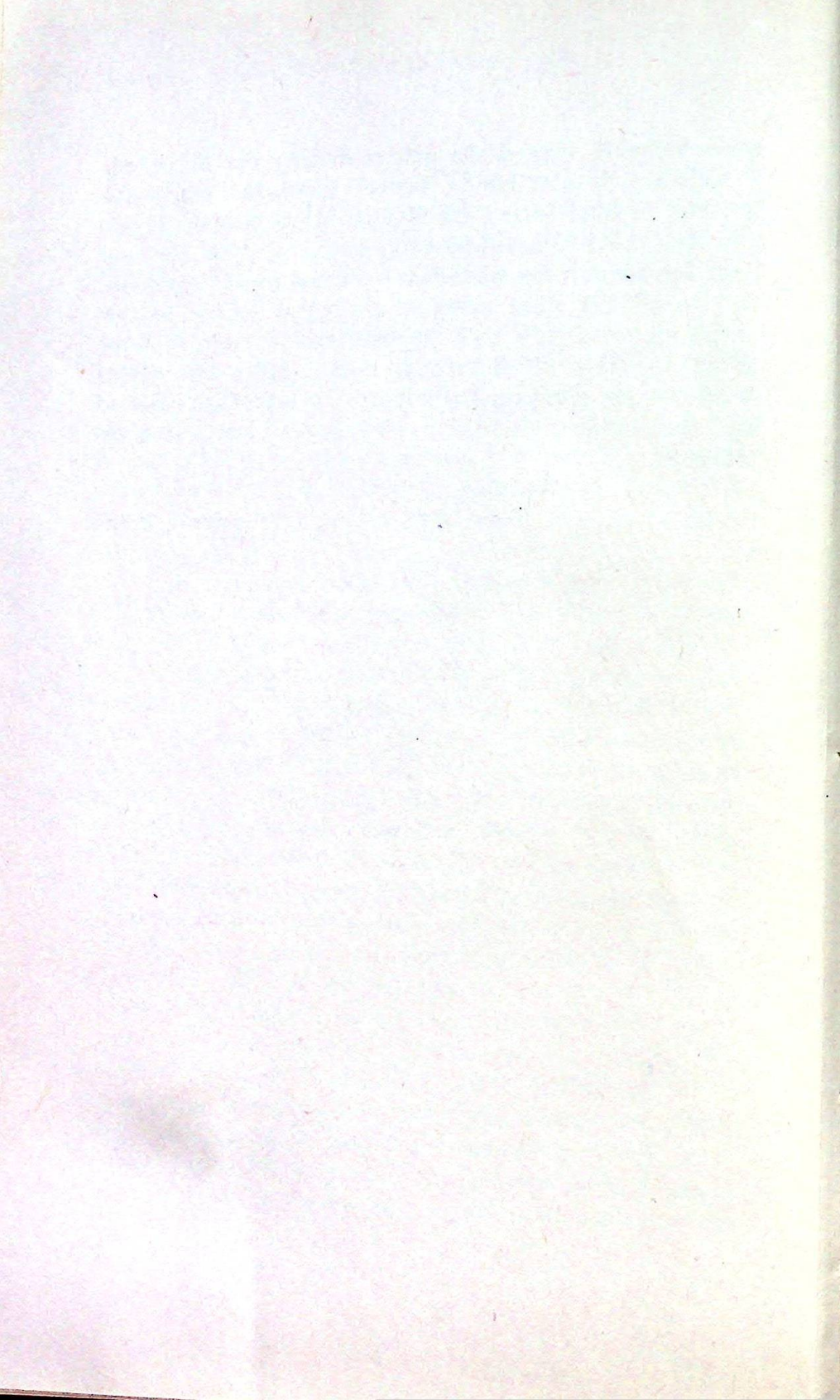
I have used the Roman rather than the Persian or Devanagari script so that the text may be easy to read for everybody. A guide to this script is given after the Preface. In addition, the symbols used for the most important and peculiar Kashmiri sounds are also given in the footnote which will be found, wherever space permits, below the text of the poem on the left-hand page. This might serve as a ready guide.

I would refer the reader interested in knowing something about the Kashmiri language to Sir George Abraham Grierson's monumental work, *A Survey of Indian Languages*. He calls Kashmiri an old and rich language — rich in idiom and in racy humour with subtle nuances. It has received its sap from the soil, as also from the official languages. It has been assimilative. It absorbed a large number of Sanskrit words before the advent of Muslim rule, and even a larger number of Persian words during the Muslim times. Now it is busily absorbing large chunks of the English vocabulary. Incidentally, these words have got naturalized in a way characteristic of very mature languages, in which the conjugation is synthetic. I find it necessary to point it out to correct a likely erroneous impression of Kashmiri being a parvenu language.

I regret that this book couldn't be published before the sad and untimely death of Shri Ghulam Mohammad Sadiq, former Chief Minister of Jammu and Kashmir and President of the Jammu and Kashmir Academy of Art, Culture and Languages, who was kind enough, despite his numerous preoccupations, to go through the manuscript, make

some valuable suggestions and contribute the Foreword. I shall always owe him a debt of gratitude. I am also grateful to Shri Dina Nath Nadim, Mirza Ghulam Hasan Beg Arif, Shri Mohammad Amin Kamil and Shri Moti Lal Saqi for helping me whenever I wanted any information, and to all the other poets whose poems appear in this anthology alongside their translations. Finally, I must thank *Visvabharati Quarterly*, *Poetry India* and *Poetry Eastwest* for giving me permission to reproduce some of the translations that have already appeared in these journals.

Trilokinath Raina



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A GUIDE TO THE ROMAN ALPHABET USED IN THIS BOOK FOR TRANSLITERATION OF KASHMIRI WORDS

| Letter | Pronounced as the sound italicised in the English word | As used in the Kashmiri word | Meaning of the word in English |
|--------|--|------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| a | <i>luck</i> | akh | one |
| aa | <i>father</i> | raat | night |
| â | <i>pertain</i> | âchh | eye |
| ââ | <i>bird, murder</i> | aâs | mouth |
| au | <i>cow</i> | au | yes |
| e | <i>male</i> | jel | jail |
| ee | <i>see</i> | teel | oil |
| ë | <i>met (approx)</i> | trë | three |
| i | <i>sit</i> | pin | pin |
| o | <i>go</i> | mol | father |
| oo | <i>tool</i> | roon | husband |
| ô | <i>oasis (short sound)</i> | ôn | blind |
| wo | <i>got (approx)</i> | swon | gold |
| u | <i>full</i> | kun | alone |
| û | <i>script</i> | tür | rag |
| uû | <i>long û sound</i> | tuür | cold |
| ü | <i>vowel sound beginning as u and ending as û</i> | gür | mare |
| ch | <i>chain</i> | chon | vour |
| chh | <i>same as the Hindi consonant च</i> | pachh | fortnight |
| d | <i>this</i> | dod | pain |
| ḍ | <i>do</i> | ḍoon | walnut |
| ñ | <i>hunt</i> | tsoonṭh | apple |
| t | <i>entre, tableau (Fr.)</i> | trë | three |
| th | <i>thing</i> | tham | pillar |
| ṭ | <i>till</i> | noṭ | pot |

An Anthology of Modern Kashmiri Verse

| Letter | Pronounced as the sound italicised in the English word | As used in the Kashmiri word | Meaning of the word in English |
|------------|--|------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| ṭh | same as the Hindi consonant <i>ṭ</i> | vyōṭh | fat |
| ts | <i>tsar</i> (Russian) | tsam | skin |
| tsh | aspirate of <i>ts</i> | tshōṭ | short |
| 'a' | short indeterminate sound at the end of a syllable or word | gara | home |
| '-y' | combining with a consonant preceding it, as in <i>सुय, सय, वय</i> | kuly | trees |
| Consonants | b, f, g, h, j, k, kh, l, m, n, p, ph, r, s, sh, v, y and z have the same sound as they normally have in English. | | |

Here is an example of a stanza from Roshan's *Bahaar* transliterated in this way:—

Yuthūy baala pēṭhy soṇṭa vaavan tarun hyōt
Vāṭith oḇranūy duṭṭanūy taah karun hyōt
Naban neejaraah neela khenkuk harun hyōt
Siree asani lōg doori tēntaali pāṭy kiny
Sangarmaali zan hoori aarak hētin yiny
Hyātsun daamanas tal vuzūny joyinūy diny
Yi vuchh aaravūy draay thapi thaari laaraan
Palav pēṭhy dwodas zan ti chhwokh aasy khaaraan
Dyakas meēṭhy dee dee vanan aabashaaran
Panun maārymōt az bahaaraa chhu aamut

No transliteration, however, has been attempted as far as the names of the modern poets are concerned.

Since this anthology is not intended to be read only by linguists, certain departures from orthodox practice in the use of the Roman alphabet may be pardoned. For example, the symbols used by me for the consonants च and छ are *ch* and *chh* respectively, as they are easily understood by the general English knowing Indian reader.

The Formative Years

The history of Kashmiri poetry begins with the later half of the 14th century, when the mystic poets Lal Dyad and Nundaryōsh gave us our first considerable metrical forms called the *vaakh* and the *shrukh* — both essentially a 4-lined stanza with no rigid rhyme scheme, which Lal Dyad used for communication of her intense mystical experience and Nundaryosh for his moral exhortation. This form died with the mystic poetess, Rwopa Bavaanee, in 1721. The 6 or 8-lined stanza called *pad* evolved from *vaakh* and remained a popular form till the dawn of the 19th century. The new mystic poets like Swochha Kraal, Vahab Khaar, Shamas Faqir and Ahmad Baṭavaaree wrote in stanzas where every fourth line was a refrain. Habba Khaatoon (1551-1606) revived the most exquisite of Kashmiri love lyrics called *vatsun* — a highly musical short poem of 6 — 10 lines, with refrain, assonance and alliteration, end and medial rhyme, liquid consonants and flexible rhythms. This form became very popular and was used successively by Arnyimaal (d. 1800), Mahmood Gaamee (d. 1885), Rasul Meer (d. 1870), Ghulam Ahmad Mahjoor, Zinda Kaul and Rahman Rahi — not to mention a whole host of lesser poets.

The nineteenth century saw the growth and influence of Persian language and poetry in Kashmir. Persian, which continued to be the official and court language for over 400 years, acquired the status of the language of culture and considerably influenced and enlarged Kashmiri voca-

bulary. In poetry, quantitative rhythm and metre gradually replaced the indigenous qualitative, i.e., accentual metre. New forms were imported from Persian literature. These included the *gazel*, the *masnavi*, the *naat*, the *marsiya* and the *naama*—all Persian in form, metre and language. This was accompanied by a wholesale borrowing of Persian epithets, figures of speech and themes. Since the writers in this tradition were by and large second-rate poets, their poems betray a remarkable lack of freshness and originality in subject matter, language and poetic diction. It may be said that cultural strangulation was as near completion as possible by the end of the nineteenth century.

Kashmiri poetry existed largely speaking in oral tradition upto 1930. Since the manuscripts of all that was written never saw publication, access to past literature was difficult. With the notable exception of Habba Khaatoon and possibly Arnyimaal, the poet had no direct relationship with the ruling class. On the contrary, he was more intimate with the common man, and often came from the same stock. Those who were from the aristocracy were more attracted by Persian, which by virtue of being the court language was a passport to social recognition. The poet thus wrote largely for an illiterate class. Furthermore, continued tyranny under the Afghan and Sikh rule led to widespread frustration from which only mystical poetry derived any sustenance. In the case of the lesser poets, mysticism became a necessary and fashionable attitude, and they dabbled in mystical symbols without having had any mystical experience. As Firaq points out, if you remove the two themes which the poets had restricted themselves to—i.e., mysticism and love—Kashmiri poetry disappears. A number of *jang naamaas* (war poems) were written, but they were 'more war than poetry'. The only poems that really reached the people were devotional verse in both Hindu and Muslim tradition,

satirical ballads called *laḍi shah*, dance songs for women called *rōv*, and songs written only to be set to the popular *chhakree* music.

Literary stagnation thus went hand in hand with political humiliation as a result of continued rule by outsiders. Effete traditions, now grown more than stale, persisted. The worn symbolism of the *gul* and the *bulbul* was used with sickening reiteration in poem after poem, and drained themes were droned in ever the same manner year after year. The Muse fell asleep with the death of Parmanand in 1885, which marks the end of an era of great poets like Mahmood Gaamee and Rasul Meer. One doesn't find anything of merit in the *razmia* or war poems of Muzaffar Shah Kreree, Ghulam Mohammad Hanfi and Neel Kanṭh Sharma or the *masnavis* of Mohammad Shaabaan Daar, Mohammad Ismail Naamee and Lasa Khaan (which stand nowhere in comparison with Maqbool Shah Kraalavaari's *Gulrez*, a work of considerable literary merit and popular till this day). The mystical poets who continued with traditional form and content are Ahmad Pare, Ahad Zargar and Samad Meer. With the dawn of the twentieth century, the poet Peer Aziz Ullah Haqani (d. 1928) felt the need to Kashmirize poetic diction, but because of the shackles of old practice, he didn't achieve much. Stereotyped forms like *the ravaani nazam* continued.

Yet all these years Kashmir stood on the threshold of a new era. Various historical and political forces led to the end of the isolation of feudal Kashmir. The building of two cart roads linking the valley with the rest of India made it possible for tourists to come here and young Kashmiris to go outside for higher studies. Contact with progressive forces in India and the powerful impact of the freedom struggle in the country created a new ferment in the minds of the intelligentsia and an awakening in the souls of men. In spite of the best efforts of the Maharaja

to stem the tide, these forces continued to simmer, and socio-political changes were inevitable. At the same time, the sudden switch over from Persian to Urdu as the court language in the beginning of the century ended the dominance of Persian and made the middle classes develop a keen interest in Urdu and English. The publication of *Lalla Vaakh* by Grierson and Brunt in 1920 and of the first Kashmiri dictionary by Grierson in 1924 encouraged some educated young men to devote more attention to their mother tongue and burn with a sense of shame that this language had suffered from neglect for centuries. With the development of a sense of identity and a changed and freer environment, old literary forms and themes needed radical reform.

The pioneers of the new age were Ghulam Ahmed Mahjoor and Abdul Ahad Azad. With them came into Kashmiri poetry a certain morning freshness and imagination, and a sweetness of diction. They freed Kashmiri from heavy Persian influence and discarded old forms like *pad* and *ravaani nazam*. It is ironical that though Mahjoor's poems attained great popularity in the early twenties, he had to be discovered by the poet Tagore, who called him 'the Wordsworth of Kashmiri poetry', before he was accepted by the 'educated class' in Kashmir as an artist and not a mere rustic rhymester. After his initial attempts at writing in Persian and Urdu, he realized that his artistic fulfilment would come only if he wrote in his own mother tongue, which he passionately loved. As a *patwari*, which he remained throughout his life, he had the opportunity of seeing almost every nook and corner of Kashmir and come into intimate contact with the people and know their joys and sorrows. He also saw that the only poetry that had succeeded in enduring was folk poetry and what was written by great masters of the lyric like Habba Khaatoon, Arnyimaal, Mahmood Gaamee and Rasul

Meer, and certainly not what smelt of the lamp and was influenced by or a slavish imitation of the effete mysticism, stylised imagery and stale epithets of decadent Persian poetry. His greatest contribution was to make Kashmiri as a poetic medium more natural and to strive untiringly to popularize it. Abdul Sataar Aasee, who was a coolie poet writing in Persian, started writing in Kashmiri at his insistence in 1942. He had already persuaded Abdul Ahad Azad in 1935 to switch over from Urdu to the neglected mother tongue, and he was delighted to find a kindred spirit in Mirza Ghulam Hasan Beg Arif. It is significant that all the major poets of the modern age, including Zinda Kaul and Nadim, gave up their early devotion to Urdu and Persian and started writing in Kashmiri in the forties. This Kashmir owes to the ceaseless efforts of Mahjoor. 'There are thousands who write in Persian', he said, 'only Kashmiri remains a helpless, neglected language.'

Mahjoor was a lover of life, with his eyes laved in the living hues of nature. He didn't brood over life's impermanence and death. He wasn't a mystic or a recluse. In his early life he wasn't interested in politics. His interest in religion was confined to his belief in the efficacy of *taaveez* (amulets), which he used to write for his *mureeds* upto his death, but his refusal to follow his father's priestly profession was ample evidence of his having a catholic mind which was opposed to bigotry and fanaticism, the unfortunate concomitants of organized religion. As a poet, he moved closer to nature. Reviving the lyrical tradition of Rasul Meer, he enlarged his canvas to include new themes and new rhythms and steeped his poems in the living hues of spring and summer in Kashmir. To the simplicity, softness and music of Habba Khaatoon, Arnyimaal and Gaamee, he added colour, form and beauty. But, like Rasul Meer, he never wrestled with the profound questionings of the human soul. 'His poems', says Zinda

Kaul, 'are like a beautiful lotus in bloom. The depths are unknown to him'. He had an unfailing instinct for the right word, if by the right word we mean the purely musical word. As a matter of fact he resembles Swinburne in more than one way: in him, as in Swinburne, words do sometimes seem to lack the divine necessity of expression; there is a straining after music for its own sake — a weakness (Arif calls it *saarang nawazi* — i.e., 'slavery to music') which one finds in most poets who compose verse mainly for music.

Mahjoor stands as a link between old and new poetry. But for him, we wouldn't be able to understand the modern age in literature. In spite of the rejuvenation of Kashmiri poetry that he was responsible for, he remained to some extent a blend of traditionalism and experiment. His was not the attitude of outright revolt. While he discarded stylised love, foreign symbols, sights and sounds of Arabia and Persia, he retained the symbolism of the *gul* and the *bulbul* throughout his poetical career. Living close to the people, he couldn't escape the impact of popular urges and new values. After his earlier phase, i.e., in about the middle of the thirties, he did realize that the conventional fountains had almost run dry, and that the only thing that would give life and vitality to his verse was a new theme. But whether he became the voice and head priest of the modern age is highly debatable, and this we shall consider when we discuss the developments after 1947.

Abdul Ahad Azad was a poor teacher languishing in a village primary school. He began writing in Urdu in the romantic tradition under the pen name 'Ahad', which he later changed to 'Jaanbaaz' and finally to 'Azad'. These three pseudonyms divide his poetry into three significant periods of his evolution as a poet — the first that of juvenile verse, the second that of love lyrics and the third that of poems of a socio-political content. Under Mahjoor's

influence, whom he met in 1935, he started writing in Kashmiri, but there is no evidence in his poetry of any abiding thematic influence of Mahjoor. Both sought for the rejuvenating waters of the spirit, but Azad felt that a genuine renewing must have its origin in vast moral and social changes and a broadening of the consciousness. After 1931, his literary influences were Iqbal and the progressive writers as far as spirit, forcefulness and technique are concerned. Politically, he remained a Radical Marxist throughout his life. He was strongly affected by political suffering, but was never convinced of the purposefulness of the political movement in Kashmir at that time. He may truly be called the first rebel, a lone forerunner of revolutionary ideas and a poet of deep intellectual conviction. He was the first poet to enlarge his canvas to include new themes like religious fanaticism, social inequality and war and to champion the cause of the modern man and sing of universal brotherhood and peace. He was also a pioneer in exploring Kashmiri language and literature. His valuable work, *Kashmiri Language and Poetry*, written in Urdu, was published posthumously by the J & K Cultural Academy.

Zinda Kaul started writing in Kashmiri only at the age of 58 in 1942. Earlier, he had written in Persian and Urdu. His slender volume of 35 poems, entitled *Sumran*, won him the Sahitya Akademi award for 1956. All these poems belong to his period of maturity and are philosophical and devotional in content. 'His work', says Prof. J .L. Kaul, 'stands between two worlds of poetic imagination: one that has little hold on the present, and the other that borrows little from the past'. Though he wrote at a time when poetic imagination was swept off its feet by the lure of a socialist dream, he always remained outside the ring of political enthusiasm. The kind of social awareness that one finds in *Karinaavi taarakh naa* (Ferry me across!)

has no connection with politics, although some political enthusiasts saw a mythical political bias in the poem. His poems express the doubts and anguish that torment the modern mind, but he does not resolve these by the assertion of any dogmatic philosophy. He is the first poet who has departed from the tradition of stating mystical certitudes to present the eternal conflict between faith and reason and the problem of evil and suffering. Knowledge, which has given us material prosperity, has banished assurance and serenity from our hearts. Love, according to Zinda Kaul, is the only key to happiness, and God is the Hound of Heaven, forever waiting for man to turn to Him:

'Having strayed, tottered and fallen,
How dare I face Him again?'
'But you'll find it unavailing —
This lame excuse to fly Him.

'For even if you turn,
He will pursue for ever;
This bond is from the dawn of life,
Not a passing childish fancy'.

We find the finest expression of his belief in the supremacy of faith over reason in two of his poems, *Majboori-yaah* (Compulsion) and *Naatayaaree* (Unpreparedness).

Zinda Kaul introduced new stanzaic and metrical patterns and is perhaps one of the very few Kashmiri poets who have used the *gazel* form successfully. In most poems his vocabulary is slightly sanskritized. Though, as I have said, he doesn't belong to the poetical climate of the forties, any review of this period would be incomplete without reference to him, for he remains one of the foremost poets of the twentieth century. Nor can we ignore two other traditionalists in mystical poetry — Samad Meer (1901-1959) and Abdul Ahad Zargar (b. 1903). Both of them

show strong influence of Shamas Faqir. Both are also influenced to a considerable extent by Hindu spiritual discipline. Both use imagery which cannot be called stale. And both are often obscure. Zargar is more romantic than Samad Meer and sometimes uses the symbols and images of horror. His use of *rang* and *shashrang* give evidence of his consummate mastery of the poetic medium.

The year 1931, with the first memorable uprising of the century, marks the dawn of political awakening in Kashmir. In 1938 the National Conference was founded and the people had their first political dream. The new era dawns formally with Mahjoor's poem, *Vwolo haa Baagvaano* (Come, Gardener!) :

Come, gardener! Create the glory of spring! make
Guls bloom and *bulbuls* sing — create such haunts!

Rank nettles hamper the growth of your roses;
Weed them out, for look thousands
Of laughing hyacinths are crowding at the gate!

The 'thousands of laughing hyacinths' are the lower classes, the untapped reservoirs of virgin sensibilities and intact forces and, as Cazamian says, the literature of the future can live only if it continues taking its sap from the people. The kettle drums of the past are but poor music for our troubled times which demand an adequate reply to their 'accelerated grimace'. Thus Mahjoor in the same poem:

Bid good bye to your dulcet strains; to rouse
This habitat of flowers, create a storm;
Let thunder rumble — let there be an earthquake!

The great ferment that began in 1938 had its full flowering in 1947, and the impetus came from the invasion of the valley by Pakistan on the 22nd of October. The fall of Baramulla to the raiders from across the border was

perhaps as epoch making in Kashmir as the fall of Constantinople to the whole of Europe. It unleashed a whole fund of spiritual strength and opened new vistas that only yesterday would have seemed impossible. This year marks as complete a break with tradition as it is possible to find in the history of any literature. We must remember that three things happened at the same time: (1) the invasion; (2) the dramatic collapse of feudalism; (3) the formation of a people's government which very soon introduced the promised land reforms of a far-reaching importance. This generated an atmosphere of confidence and triumph and of new dreams and desires which were mostly Utopian. A new fervour gripped a new generation of poets who looked at new horizons and sincerely believed that they were the makers of a new reality.

It would be wrong to say that either Mahjoor or Azad remained the beacons or leading lights. The national poetry that was now born had new dimensions. It was the offspring of political adolescence and marked the beginning of the progressive movement in Kashmiri literature. A new environment threw up a new generation — a generation of city-bred young men, strongly influenced by Marxist thought, the Russian and Chinese revolutions and Indian nationalism. The literary influences that were dominant were progressive Indian and English writers and Russian poetry. These young writers found rhetoric more appealing than imagery. Persian models were now no longer looked up to, for they didn't answer the needs of the period. The socialist movement was the sole aim in life, and their minds were so gripped by this aim that in whatever they wrote, whether it was a story like Nadim's *Rai* (Blight) or a poem like Rahi's *Thahri kati Jaágir-daáree* (How can feudalism survive?), artistic considerations like organic unity were always secondary. Art was for life and social change — it became socialist propaganda.

Unfortunately, as Noor Mohammad Bhat points out, 'the war between affluence and poverty raged more fiercely in the poet's imagination than in reality'. It is difficult in this short review to deal with the plethora of names that one finds swimming into the poetical firmament, but I want to observe that though the bulk of their output may be wanting in refinement, it has abundant vigour and spontaneity. Its being essentially minor verse does not detract from its merit as pioneer work, and it is always the general level of its minor verse that determines the poetical climate of a period. The enriching of the content, the awakening of an intense national consciousness, the broadening of the horizons of the mind and a broad indication of the lines along which the literature of the future was to develop — these are some of the contributions of the writers of this period, and the future was the richer for their service.

In April, 1948 the Kashmir Cultural Front, a voluntary non-governmental organization of all the available artistic talent in Kashmir, published a small booklet entitled *Kashmir, Sing on!* — an anthology of patriotic and marching songs, poems on exploitation, the raid, communalism and other such themes. It is dedicated to 'workers and peasants'. It may be compared to *Poems and Ballads of Young Ireland* (1888), not because it has any mentionable artistic merit but because it is the testament of the will of a people, of a new faith. In October, 1949 this organization, now rechristened the National Cultural Congress, started publication of its monthly organ, *Kwong Posh*. Subsequently the Bazme Adab, which had been formed in 1940 with the aim of preserving old literary values, started publishing its journal, *Gulrez*, but to *Kwong Posh* belongs the distinction of shaping the literary history of Kashmir from 1949 to 1956, the year it stopped publication. Mr. Sadiq, in his presidential address to the National Cultural Congress in 1950, called it an independent people's

organization which was a product of the national movement and had the same aim. 'Literature', he said, 'is a weapon to awaken the people. It is both a representative and an architect of the people's culture, an interpreter of their struggles and aspirations. It will expose imperialist, capitalist and feudal designs on the people's freedom and give leadership and direction to their struggle and fight for world peace'. (*Kwong Posh* — March, 1950). It may be mentioned that the regular feature, *About Ourselves*, emphasised only this aim and never made any mention of literary problems and values. As far as the general level of the verse is concerned, it must be pointed out that the repetition of the new themes and free use of words 'exploiter', 'capitalist', etc. and of the new imagery of fire, storm, thunder, lightning, 'gunpowder in flower beds', mid-winter and spring do give one the impression of its being juvenile.

In this environment, Mahjoor found himself on a new wicket, and a very uneasy one at that. Though he was associated with the progressive group and chief editor of *Kwong Posh* till his death in 1952, he did not, in spite of his best efforts, share the ebullient enthusiasm of the younger generation of poets who hailed the revolution as if the millenium had come. Some of his poems like *Ala Baany* (The Plough) are definitely second rate and lack originality of thought, nor do they have the beauty and appeal of his love lyrics. From among his poems with a socio-political content, his satires on the new regime like *Aazaadee* (Freedom), *Poshinoolo* (O Golden Oriole!) and *Sangarmaalan pyav Paraagaash* (Daybreak over the Hills) save him from lapsing into mediocrity. It is in these that he regains his individuality and acquires an incisive phrase which one could hardly have anticipated, considering his essentially sensuous, romantic temperament and his love of the mellifluous language:

They searched her armpits seven times
To see if she was hiding rice;
In a basket covered with her shawl
The peasant's wife brought Freedom home.

(*Azaadee*)

Hawks have left your garden,
And birds are all in song;
Now if you yourself turn a hawk,
How futile was this change!

(*Poshinoolo*)

Politics was never his forte. To suggest that his exquisite lyric *Greesy Koor* (The Peasant Girl) is an expression of class conflicts is as ridiculous as calling Lal Dyad the first progressive Kashmiri poet, which was actually done in those days of infantile Marxist criticism. Mahjoor's spirited *Vwolo haa Baagvaano* (Come, Gardener!) is already dated and no longer inspires as it did once, for there is a yawning gulf between the Age of Mahjoor and our own day. The latter half of this poem, which is devoted to the glorification of all the famous careerists and military conquerors of Old Kashmir, is a direct contradiction of the first half where the poet speaks of individual freedom and democracy. It would be right to say that Mahjoor had nothing specific to contribute after 1947, and that the Age of Mahjoor ended that year.

The leading poets after 1947 are Nadim, Firaq, Kamil, Arif, Nazki, Rahi, Almast, Premi, Khayal, Muzaffer Azim, Santosh and Reh. Most other poets whose poems were published in various journals have followed in the footsteps of Nadim and Rahi and make no claim to originality. The main poets among the traditionalists are Ariz, Nand Lal Ambardar, Rasa Javidani and Nawaz Ratanpuri.

With the flood tide of verse that was written during this period came experimentation with various forms and

metres. The new forms that were born are free and blank verse, the sonnet, the monologue, the opera, the quatrain and the *tukh*. Various Persian stanzaic patterns like the *mussamat* (of various length) were introduced. Surprisingly, more songs were written for *rôv* and *vanavun*.

While these forms were introduced or revived, there are some that died. It is sad that both *ladî shah* and *naamaa*, the traditional forms of satire, disappeared, although the former is still being used by the village bard. But this loss has been compensated by the revival of the *rubaaayee* (quatrain), which has infinitely more punch and epigrammatic terseness. The *gazal* has been a definite casualty. This form was first used in Kashmiri poetry by Mahmood Gaamee, and later by Rasul Meer, Maqbool Shah Kraalavaaree, Prakash Bhat, Shamas Faqir and Ahmed Batavaaree, to mention only a few names. Writing a *gazal* became a craze, because it was not only a popular form used by great Persian masters and Urdu poets like Ghalib and others, but also a convenient receptacle for wandering disjointed thoughts which lacked tragically in any centrality. The main *gazal* writers from 1920 to 1947 are Dilsoz, Majeed Meer Islamabadi, Ghulam Ahmad Naaz and Asad Meer. Zinda Kaul, Rasa Javidani, Mahjoor and Azad are perhaps the only poets who used the form successfully during this period. The stress on realism after 1947 led to the rejection of the loose form of *gazal* and the change over to the *musalsal gazal*, i.e., one having a centrality of theme. Mere appeals to the beloved about a hundred assorted things found themselves replaced by social and political problems. The best *gazals* today are those of Nadim, Kamil and Rahi, but this form is no longer considered the 'crown of poetry'.

In the past, paucity of material and absence of complexity of emotion made for a limited canvas. Modern poetry, because of an enlarged canvas, discards the con-

ventionally artificial poetic language and adopts the rhythm of speech. A beautiful poem like Nadim's *Mè chham aash Pagùhiich* (My Hope of Tomorrow) cannot be put on the *santoor* or *chhakree* in spite of its perfect rhyme and rhythm. It is a music of ideas, not of words. The best poems show a perfect blending of matter and manner. In this category there are other poems like Kamil's *Yaarabaluk Sahar* (Dawn on the River Bank) and Firaq's *Bulbulas Kun* (To the Nightingale), though the latter suffers considerably by its inevitable comparison with Keats' *Ode to a Nightingale*.

The most significant poet of the period is Dina Nath Nadim. In fact it wouldn't be wrong to call this period the Age of Nadim. When the Cultural Congress was formed and *Kwong Posh* started publication, the mantle of leadership fell almost automatically on Nadim, the spirit of the new movement of progressive writers. He joined the Communist Party in 1950, but his revulsion and revolt against the prevailing social order had begun when he was only a school boy. Childhood memories burn deep into a sensitive soul, and the political revolution and the progressive movement were only an answer to his soul's quest and not the cause of his education or conversion. The writers who shaped his personality were the English romantic poets and the moderns, particularly T. S. Eliot; Mayakovsky and Gorky; Josh and Ehsan Danish. His career as a poet is most intimately linked with the political developments in Kashmir from 1946 to the present day. To write about him is to write about the progressive movement in Kashmir. He sang of the dawn of the freedom movement in 1946 in his *Vwothee Baagich Kukilee*, opposed the Macnaughton Plan in *Dapaan ad karav az*, hailed the land-to-the-tiller resolution in his *Asi Kaashiryav tul nòv rut kadam* in 1951, wrote his opera *Bombur ta Yam-*

birzal after Sheikh Abdulla's arrest in 1953. That same year brought the beginning of disillusion, which is reflected in his poem *Zindabaad mē haz az chonuy srēh* (1954) as also in Arif's *Soot chhuy tayaar habaa*, which was published in *Gulrez*. When after 1956 the progressive movement disintegrated, not only because it was a spent force with most individuals but also because a new organization came into being with Bakshi Abdul Rashid as its president, a strain of sardonic humour crept into Nadim's poems, as is seen in *Huti nazran dolaan chhee dyaar matyo* and *Radee kaagaz akhbaar kinjiv* (1957).

His exploitation of the resources of the Kashmiri language is remarkable. He not only shows unerring command of the vast word hoard, but also demonstrates that the language of everyday speech is as rich and flexible a poetic medium as any and doesn't need to deck itself in borrowed robes. Using poetry as the vehicle of propaganda, he infused it with a vigour and masculinity it had never known before. He made use of rhyme, rhetoric and effective repetition to awaken the sensibilities of men to the dangers of war, imperialism and capitalism. In fact, during this period he hardly ever wrote a single poem without a direct political bias. His *Bū Gyavana Az* (I will not sing today) may be said to be the manifesto of the new movement:

I will not sing today
I will not sing
Of roses and of bulbuls
Of irises and hyacinths
I will not sing
Those drunken and ravishing
Dulcet and sleepy-eyed songs
No more such songs for me!
I will not sing those songs today.

He introduced the rhythm of speech, as in the superbly constructed and restrained *Mè chham aash Pagühùch* (My Hope of Tomorrow), or of popular songs and hawkers' cries, as in *Dal Haanzni hònd Vatsun* (The Song of the Boatwoman) :

I've brought them fresh from the lake —
Come buy! come buy! come buy!
Small brinjals and round big gourds —
Come buy! come buy! come buy!

Fresh radish gleaming in the shade of the weeds,
Marsh turnip blushing like a belle —
O my boat is like the flowering dawn!
Come buy! come buy! come buy!

The most distinctive feature of Nadim's style is his impeccable use of words and his startlingly original imagery woven with the warp and weft of everyday Kashmiri life, thought and custom. Some of these images may appear far-fetched, but they convey the meaning most beautifully, as for example in *Son Vatan* (Our Motherland), where he compares his motherland to a long absent uncle arriving from the village with a gift of apples. One also sometimes gets the feeling that the similes which almost choke his lines are not used out of a compulsive necessity to elucidate the meaning, and this is a weakness that one finds in many other younger poets whose thought and expression have been fertilized by Nadim.

Nadim began his experiments in free verse early, though he retained rhyme which with him hardly ever proved a handicap. *Suba gāūhee* (Morning), a beautiful description of daybreak, is in blank verse. Incidentally, this poem along with *Aadanuk Posh* (The First Flower), *Tsyatas chhuyi* (Do you remember?) and his very success-

ful *gazals* marks the beginning of his latest phase and departure from his total commitment to propagandist and tendentious poetry. The title of the first poem in this phase, *Naabad ta Tyathavyan* (The Bitter and the Sweet), translated literally, means 'candy and wormseed', and these two words are used as symbols for the ecstasy and agony of extra-marital sexual love. Certain images and references are private (though not personal) and therefore lead to obscurity. The emotional sequence is in three phases — passionate craving, consummation and the aftermath. The poem is dominated by erotic symbols, like the sandalwood tree, *vyoog*, Sheshnag, the hooded snakes, Brahma, the lotus and the cypress. There is repeated reference to pregnancy, as in 'the big and bulging chenar', 'the manger-born child' and 'the jessamine bulging in the middle'. The expressions 'blushing' and being 'red to the lobes of the ears' suggest a sense of guilt as well as the ecstasy of remembered bliss. The only image that suggests rape is that of the monal leaping into the glen. *Kaathy Darvaaza pyatha Gara taam* (From Kaathy Darvaaza to Home), *Zakiry Zaajy* (Spider Webs), *Raatiky Trè Pahar* (Three watches of the Night), *Tsor Vakh* (Four Moments) and *Haarysaat* (Incidents) also belong to this period of maturity.

Nadim has introduced the sonnet, both in the Petrarchan and Shakespearean forms, and has written a few operas, the first being *Bombur ta Yambiurzal* (The Bumble bee and the Narcissus), which contains some delightful songs. He established the fact that propagandist literature need not necessarily be second rate. His politics are so vital and inseparable a part of his personality that they rather enrich than impoverish his poetry, though his efforts sometimes fall short of the fusion of his complex experience as poet and man into an artistic whole. One of his most forceful

poems, *Aman Apeeli pyath Dashhat* (Signature on the Peace Appeal) could very well do without the seventh and eighth stanzas which mar its organic unity.

The influence of Nadim is evident in the work of many poets, some of whom have borrowed not only his ideas but also his very images. Abdul Rahman Rahi's early work is seen clearly bearing Nadim's impression. He made his debut in the early fifties with the publication of a few propagandist poems which were rich in promise, giving evidence of his skill in handling various stanzaic patterns and the *gazel*. But at the same time one notices how uneasy the artist in him was grafting revolutionary exhortation on sensuous passages — an uneasiness he fortunately overcame quite early with his discovery of the monologue which he introduced into Kashmiri poetry. In *Gaṭa ta Gaash* (Darkness and Light) the dispossessed *jagirdar* and the now happy peasant speak alternately. He published his poems under the title *Novroz Sabaa*, and this collection revealed a careful artist, maturing both in thought and expression.

As in Nadim, his imagery is fresh and original and drawn from everyday proletarian life. His forte, however, is the evocation of an atmosphere through significant details and images — the symbolist technique. In *Zindagee* (Life) he evokes both the anguish and joy of existence through two pictures — the first that of a mother watching her son being arrested at midnight, and the second that of an expectant mother watching the joyous atmosphere of a school at closing time:

Four o'clock. The sun's face is flushed.
In the school at Maarbal the peon,
Swinging his arms lustily, strikes the bell.

Life in the class rooms wakes up with a yawn,
Like a flower shrub shrunk and limp with the
sun's heat

Suddenly finding the shade of a cloud.
The teachers give the boys home tasks, and leave.
Two class mates decide to play under the chenars
Like a couple of pigeons resolving to soar in the sky.
The school ground raises a merry din,

seeing children at play
Like birds flying down from their nests into the
garden,

Like buds appearing in profusion on a tender bough,
Some running strapping satchels, some swinging
slates,

Some like quicksilver, some bounding like the deer.

The peon swings open the outer gate

And the entire market bubbles with life.

The gram vendor's stock is gone in a flash

The beansman hawks his wares.

Path agar yiyihe ti motas vaary (Then if Death were to come) is the monologue of an old woman with an unquenchable love of life but with no illusions about the hereafter:

O heart! O foolish heart! Ungovernable!

Knock at the door of my youth! Call him back!

I would wash the dark robe of the night,

Send brocade for the sun to wear

And plumes for his head,

Play many a lilting tune while drifting on the lake,
Water the only convolvulus in my yard.

Then if death were to come, he wouldn't gather

much —

And I don't care if they close all the gates of

paradise!

His poem *Äzich Kath* (Let's talk about Today) stands above the rest with its superb construction and imagery. Without recanting his political faith, he argues that if the fabric of our socialist dreams has to have a reality, we must start with the reorganization of our present existence. Otherwise it will only be 'vacant shuttles weaving the wind':

When the moon comes up with borrowed sheen
The impatient cry, 'It's the midday sun!'
Flowers in a vase delude the fool
To feel that the garden is in bloom.
The fowl flies to perch on the low mud wall,
And thinks he has flown over lands and seas.
Promise of gold bracelets dulls one's ears
To the clanking of chains in one's own feet.

In his recent work Rahi has moved on to a contemplation of the fundamental problems of existence and of the role of religion, politics and philosophy throughout man's history. Poignancy of the memory of a dead love forms the theme of *Dahi Vühüry* (After Ten Years). *Rèh ta Raks* (The Flame and the Dance) has epigrammatic terseness and *Pay chhu Zulmaata vuzaan* (Out of Darkness comes Light) is an experiment in symbolism. One notices a certain growing preoccupation with the theme of death and the evanescence of life.

Mirza Ghulam Hasan Beg Arif is one who stands outside the ring, being by training and temperament a scientist who loves and is capable of detachment and would rather belong to an intellectual minority, and assess and criticise if necessary, than follow the beaten track. He has been one of the foremost figures in the field of Kashmiri letters for a quarter of a century. A man of rugged originality and sincerity, he has been associated with various literary and cultural activities ranging from the search

for a script to the publication of literary journals. Though he founded the *Bazme Adab* as early as 1940 and organised a number of *mushairas*, his aim was not to found a school but to give Kashmiri language and literature the status it had been denied. His literary influences were Iqbal, Ghalib, Chakbast, Hasrat Mohani, Josh, Faiz and Munshi Prem Chand. But he has never liked love poetry — in fact, he doesn't consider love a subject fit for poetry at all. He has written on almost every other subject and reflected the different facets of social and political life in Kashmir. His mystical poems, however, fail to convince the reader about the intensity and depth of the spiritual experience.

Although he has been a prolific writer, he has not published much. *Dusa* (The Shawl), a poem on the exploitation of the shawl weavers, is quite forceful, and so are *Baanahaj Baal* (The Banihal Mountain), which describes the sufferings of coolies crossing over the mountain snows, and *Zanaanan hōnd Ehtejaaj*, a plea for the emancipation of women. But Arif is a satirist *par excellence*, and his special medium, like that of the other distinguished satirist of our time, Mir Ghulam Rasul Nazki, is the *rubaayee* (quatrain) which he uses with excellent effect. He has throughout remained the watch dog of the revolution, as the following quatrains will show:

The rich man called him scum and fed him on
his crumbs;

The political juggler called him king
and robbed him even of his rags.

The poor have for ages seen
The changing make-up of the knaves.

Political friendship is a paper boat,
Fit bed only for the foolish word.
If you would fare forward, beware
The wave of time and the wind of self interest.

They have ever lived gagged by conventional
demureness,
Lulled nightly to slumber by fairy tales of chastity,—
Moth-eaten, mildewed, like an old account book,
Like a story long forgotten, like spent lightning.

Kamil tried his hand at unrhymed verse in *Dal Toofaan* (Storm in the Dal Lake), an allegory of the relentless struggle of life without the opium of a hereafter. His *Nyatha nany Maane* (Naked Thoughts), like Rahi's *Rèh ta Raks*, is epigrammatic and, among other things, touches upon the poet's eternal wrestle with an inadequate medium:

The brocade of words is not to be had,
And naked thoughts just waste away.

Terseness of expression is also evident in his other poems like *Doorì prazlyav taarukhaa* (A distant star shone bright) and *Tsù ta Bù* (You and I). These poems mark a total departure from his earlier facile technique. It may be said that he discovered his poetic medium only after 1960. A poem with him now is a music of ideas, an orchestration of articulated thoughts, half suggestions and overtones. His publications, *Lava ta Prava* (1965) and *Bèyi suy Paan* (1967) firmly establish him as one of the three most significant poets of the modern times.

The accent on realistic art or people's poetry is best seen in the poems of Dina Nath Wali Almast. His *Baala Yapaari* (This side of the Mountain) appeared in the same year as Kamil's *Mas Malir*. Essentially a painter, Almast makes no claim to breaking new ground in form and metre. His *gazals*, like those of Rasa Javidani, have only a certain degree of virtuosity. The title poem *Baala Yapaari* and its sequel, *Baala Apaari* (Across the Mountain) describe the plight of a wage labourer crippled by disease and reduced to begging in the hot plains while his impecunious wife

and children are waiting for his return home. There are other poems — on themes like the Hindu widow (*Vyadvaah*), women gathering cowdung and water weeds (*Khüry Haanzany*), a girl abducted by the raiders and sold into a Pakistani brothel and so on. Many other poets also have written on the proletarian Eve. Fazil had written earlier two excellent lyrics, *Kraala Koor* (The Potter's Daughter) and *Pähäly Koor* (The Shepherd Girl) in the manner of Mahjoor's *Greesy Koor*. Bahaar wrote *Gaäry Haanzany* (The Water nut Seller), Nadim, *Dal Haanzni hönd Vatsun* and Premi, *Tüyi* (The Yarn). These are all, except for Fazil's two poems, reminiscent of Hood's *The Song of the Shirt*. Indeed it became a fashion to write on some working class woman or other. It would seem that each daughter of the soil can now boast of more than one poem composed on her.

Ghulam Nabi Firaq began as a member of the National Cultural Congress. In his earlier days he believed in communism and was in the vanguard of the progressive movement. His poetry shows a deep influence of the Urdu progressive and English romantic poets. He has enriched Kashmiri poetry with his numerous translations of English poems. In 1956, with the disintegration of the progressive movement, he joined the Kashmir Cultural Centre. Ever since he has been mainly writing poems describing the beauty of nature.

Fazil has written some delightful poems like *Kraala Koor*, *Pähäly Koor* and *Chana rös pyaala gom khaäliye*. They are essentially songs and do not have much depth. His description of nature has only a photographic interest. There is no aim at interpretation, nor can we say that he has essentially an ideology, a point of view or any ground whatsoever to stand on.

The note of disillusion was struck early by Noor Moham-

mad Roshan in his *Shaheed sunz Maij* (The Martyr's Mother) as he felt that the revolution had been betrayed:

While there was many a mile to go
And the road still wet with the martyrs' blood
They rested, using old laws as pillows.
They forgot the distant goal,
The motherland caught in the whirlpool,
And turned their back on the caravan.
With painted grief they've come today,
Offering flowers — not to salute you, my son,
But to show how great they are!

But it is only in his poem *Bahaar* (Spring) that he may be said to be really calling on the Muse. This poem, describing the advent of spring in Kashmir, vibrates with the joy of life:

When the spring breeze crossed over the mountain,
The clouds packed up their dull grey shawls;
The sky turned blue as a sapphire;
The sun laughed from behind the distant peaks;
The mountain snow perspired like a bashful
nymph in confusion,
Giving birth under her mantle to infant rills.
Beholding this, streams leapt wildly forth,
Bounding over rocks like churned, foaming milk,
And kissing on the forehead the waterfalls,
They cried, 'Our darling spring has come!'

Roshan's last medium was the *tukh*, a form of the *rubaa'iyee*. I say 'last' because he has not written anything for a decade now.

It is difficult at this early stage to judge whether most poets with the exception of Nadim and Roshan recanted their socialist faith or merely felt that the raising of political slogans in poetry was only juvenile and inartistic.

However, with the end of the period of turmoil and exuberance in 1960, the poet came to the painful realization that he was not, as he had imagined himself to be, an integral part of society. The cleavage between him and the environment and the wobbling of the ideals which had seemed steadfast, made the sixties a period of spiritual unrest. Many old voices became silent. Only a few of them, i.e., Nadim, Rahi, Firaq and Kamil, in whom the creative urge burned bright, remained.

Among the recent poets whose mature work is really not covered by this period, are Ghulam Nabi Khayal, Vasudev Reh, Muzaffar Azim, Ghulam Rasool Santosh, Chaman Lal Chaman, Sajood Sailani and Moti Lal Saqi. Reh's *Shabgard*, Khayal's *Zanjoori hōnd Saaz* (which was written in jail), Muzaffar Azim's *Zolaana*, Sailani's *Shēhjaar* and Saqi's *Mōdiry Khaab* are recent publications. The most original of these poets is Santosh, who is also the most distinguished modern painter. His work is suffused with a spirituality. His use of Shaivite symbols and his auditory imagination are remarkable. He has written a few sonnets, but his best poems so far are *Vyas myainy Noorah* and *Raat*.

I must also mention a poet whose inspiration does not smell of the lamp or recall the political platform. Laala Lakhyman, the people's poet who died recently, was a village postman. In language which is far from sophisticated he has painted delightful vignettes of rural life caught between conservatism and change. The comic situations produced by the impact of modern civilization on amused and mildly recalcitrant villagers form the subject of his poems. His laughter does not always have a satiric ring; he sees it as the spice of life — a factor which has made his *Laala Lakhyman Shakdaare Draav* and other poems very popular.

To sum up, the contribution of the poets who have written during the period under review has been the enriching of the content of Kashmiri poetry with the inclusion of an intense national consciousness and social awareness, the introduction of a wide variety of forms and metres as a consequence of an indefatigable search for a new medium and the simplification of the language of poetry, which is now more akin to the spoken language. Since 1955, when revolutionary ardour was more or less spent and disillusion had seeped in, the major poets have been seeking to articulate a complex sensibility and experimenting with expressionism. The first shot was again fired by Nadim with his *Naabad ta Tyathavyan* (The Bitter and the Sweet) in 1960. One finds the poets engaged now in a search for a new idiom and a reaction against their own earlier facile technique. But because of the discovery of a new Helicon, the poetry of this period of bold experimentation is by and large young and fresh and does not suffer from any of the diseases of opulent old age.

Trilokinath Raina

Poems

ZINDA KAUL

1884-1965

Born at Madanyar in Srinagar. Had his early education in *maktabs* (private schools). Showed great proficiency in learning Persian. Admitted in the Govt. Middle School but had soon to discontinue his studies (at the age of 13) to be apprenticed to a photographer. Later, joined the C M S School and passed the Matriculation examination in 1902. Was appointed teacher in the Hindu High School in 1903, where he taught till 1922. Passed the B A examination in 1915 as a private candidate. Considered an ideal teacher and held in great respect and affectionately called 'Masterji' throughout his life. Worked from 1922 to 1940 as an assistant in the Department of Archaeology, as a translator in the Publicity Department and finally as a teacher in the Vasanta Girls' School. His first poetical attempts were in Persian. Later, wrote in Urdu and Hindi. Published his collection of Hindi poems, *Patar Pushp*, in 1940. His Persian and Urdu poems were published under the title *Diwan-i-Saabit* in 1966. Started writing in Kashmiri in 1942. *Sumran*, his collected Kashmiri poems, was published by Laala Rookh Publications in 1955. Won the Sahitya Akademi award in 1956. Compiled, translated, edited and published the poetical works of Parmanand in 1941-42.

SUMRAN

Sumran panüny ditsaanam loluk nishaana vèsiye
Rátshurun tògum na rovim, osum na baana vèsiye

Path kaali chhum na dyutmut swon mwokhta daana vèsiye
Any saari kyaah labakh vwony tim mwokhta daana vèsiye

Vaàlinji manz thavun gòtsh, haavun thòvum athas pyaṭh
Raah kas chhu kòr mè paanas nwoksaan paana vèsiye

Haavun chhu raavaraavun, chaavuk samar chhu khaàmee
Thaavaan chhi chhaava baapath baanan zi ṭhaana vèsiye

Yana suy nishaana rovim tana mätš gamüts ta phalavaa
Nyun hyòn na kèñh ti pheraan chhas vaana vaana vèsiye

Yatsh patsh ma haar, byaakhaa hyath yoory vaati
Tas chhaa kàmee nishaanan, bàry bàry khazaana vèsiye

Dolan kòhan vanan manz, sholan chhi gulshanan manz,
Zotan chhi taarakan manz kaàtyaah nishaana vèsiye

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| consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुख्य | | | tsh : aspirate of ts |

THE ROSARY

'He'd given me his rosary
As a token of His love;
But careless, undeserving,
I lost this precious gift.

'Not having shared in all my births
Gold and pearl with others,
What avails my groping now
For the pearls that I have lost?

'What I should have treasured
In the temple of my heart,
I displayed on my hand
In childish ostentation.

'Impetuosity's fruit is imperfection;
What is displayed is surely lost;
That's why the pot is lidded fast
To cook anything at all.

'Ever since I lost this gift,
I've roamed about distracted;
I move from shop to shop,
But I know not what to buy'.

'Lose neither hope nor faith!
A new sign is on its way,
For in His royal treasures
There is no dearth of tokens.

'They abound in every forest,
Lie ungathered on the mountain,
They blaze in every garden
And twinkle in the stars.'

Vyasarith, ðálith, pathar pyath buth kyaah dimav
 Path pheranúky pakaan chhaa yithy hiv bahaana vèsiye

Maanav zi ásy hyamav path, chhoryaa tasund móhabath.
 Payvand yi aadanuk chhaa shury dostaana vèsiye

Dil phuṭymütyan su toshan, yats gärymütyan chhu roshan
 Gatsh vārymütyan Swodaaman prütsh gaāybaana vèsiye

Andy pákhy tatee chhu aasan bwoda bror Soordasun
 Bozaan chhu maay láagith lolúky taraana vèsiye

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'Having strayed, tottered and fallen,
How dare I face Him again?'
'But you'll find it unavailing —
This lame excuse to fly Him!

'For even if you turn,
He will pursue for ever;
This bond is from the dawn of life,
Not a passing, childish fancy.

'He does not like those who use
Reason's nimble fingers,
But Sudama will tell you that He hugs
The broken, penitent heart.

'He is always by your side,
He has always been there,—
The child listening to Surdas
Singing of His love.'

Sudama — Krishna's childhood friend who, driven by dire poverty,
visits him in his palace at Dwarka.
child — Krishna, disguised as a child,

NAATAYAAREE

Myaani khwota yus baraan me yatsh ta lol
Aash tay gaash osh tay sarkaar myon
Kaanchhivun me tshaaravun tay gaaravun
Praaravun me aadanuk dildaar myon

Tämy döpum kènh kaal yath deshas andar
Yath makaanas roz myaáneee vath vuchhaan
Dooryaras manz vaari phwolanay lola posh
Aàzi hamsaayan hakan tim baàgraan
Taar chon ada zaana bù tay kaar myon
Praaravun me aadanuk dildaar myon

Yath kulis sag dikh zameenas vaati srèh
Lol yèmy yas kaànsi bôr tämy bôr dayas
Lol täsy nish draav täsy vaataan tswopaäry
Gaatälyav yee zon yim vaatith payas
Yee chhu loluk raaz yee israar myon
Praaravun me aadanuk dildaar myon

Khat patür sozaan chhum yòt kaala vaàsh
Kaagzan hònd rang byòn byòn beshumaar
Posha margaah, bôd saraah, taarakh nabaah
Nádiyaah yath Ährabal hyoo aabshaar
Poshinoolah, pompuraah, yambürzalaah,
Khinda karavüny harna jooryaah sheerkhaar
Maärymòndaah, swondaraah, bôd gaatùlaah
Póz phakeeraah naphsa tworgas shaahsavaar
Kènh na aàsith yus dapaan samsaar myon
Praaravun me aadanuk dildaar myon

Pätymi páhray trov yéli pòt zoonyi gaah
Mushk poshav tshòt sapun khwoshboy vaav
Poshinoolan naala dyut vanhaari bool
Saaz aakaashuk ta aaruk aavalyaav
Vyoor hyath lôt lôt pakaan sworguk havaa

UNPREPAREDNESS

My hope and light, my lord and master —
Desiring, seeking, waiting for me
From eternity;
Before whose love and care
My self-love pales into nothingness —

Gave me this home in this land
And said, 'Wait here for me,
And when blossoms of love
Bloom bright in separation,
Give them to your neighbours.

'If you water a plant, the earth is moist;
Your love for man, thus, reaches me,
For love which flows from me alone
Flows back to me from everywhere.
This is love's secret and my command.
The wise know this and are blessed.'

He sends me letters every day
In myriad-coloured envelopes;
Meadow, lake and starry sky,
River, thundering waterfall,
Butterfly and oriole and narcissus,
A frisking pair of young fawns,
A beau, a belle, a wise man,
A true saint in full control
Of the fiery steed of desire,
Who having nothing, still does claim
The world as his dominion.

When before dawn the late moon shone bright,
Flowers unbuttoned their fragrance
And the air was heavy with scent,
The golden oriole sang and the wild mynah,
Aerial music vied with the stream's orchestration,
Breezes from heaven stole softly in, laden with pollen;

Tyuth samaan saānpun mē dōp suy yoory aav
Saala rōstuy aav baalay yaar myon
Praaravun me aadanuk dildaar myon.

Mandachheyas yāts gumav suūty gaām shraan
Tshwond tshyap dima haa natay gatsha haa mārith
Deshimay yēmi haala man maa hundaryas
Būy varish bēyi rozahaa dooryar zārith
Nanz, vastūr, paan taamat chhum na saaph
Sanz kēnh poozaayi hōnd maa chhum kārith
Yim na baāgūrymūty mē lookan lola posh
Maala karahakh, tim vuchhim pemūty hārith
Shroots jaayaah chham na vathraavas kate
Gardi tay garaveṭha suūty aamut bārith
Baana kuṭh gomut chhu ṭhokurdvaar myon
Praaravun me aadanuk dildaar myon

Yōdvay nay lolas chhi tas gaāmūty phuṭal
Saala rōstuy saani yun zaanun chhu aar
Yuth samaan aākhūr nanyav khat os byaakh
Paana kōt yiyihe mē zaānyith naatayaar
Sharam rachhāvun myon pardaydaar myon
Praaravun me aadanuk dildaar myon.

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Such was the enchantment in the air
That I thought He had arrived —
My first and only love, not waiting for my call.

Ashamed, bathed in perspiration,
I wished I could hide or even die;
Better that I should bear separation
Than He grow cold to see me thus,
With body, dress and house unclean,
With no flowers for His garland.
Then I remembered the flowers
That I should have given my neighbours,
But, alas! neglected, they had withered.
And where could I seat my love?
Full of dust and household goods,
My temple was a lumber room.

But I soon realized
Though His love is as the sea,
And He could come whenever He chose,
This enchantment was yet one more
Of His strange messages;
For how could He come, my lord and master,
Knowing that I was unprepared?

MAJBOORIYAAH

Vadihe manush chëyihe na ôsh
Vadanas vuchhun taaseer kyaah
Haârith âchhyav kiny khoon kyaah
Chhaavith palan suuty heer kyaah
Boozith zi bozaan chhum na kaañh
Fariyaad karanûch zeer kyaah
Laâyith nabas yim teer kyaah
Majbooriyaah, laachaâriyaah

Môr aana aanay chhus maran
Bwochhi tuûri treshe povmut
Daadyav, khuryav, baâtsav, shuryav
Phikrav, gamav hõbrovmut
Yim gam tsâlith háty haavsan
Mõtsrovmut, vyasrovmut
Kunyi pyaṭh khyavaan thak chhus na dil
Kath taany kun chhus hovmut
Rut ḍeshanay, rut zaananay
Tshaaraan chhu kyahtaany rovmut
Mas nyëndri manz chhukh chovmut
Nafsûch ta shokûch khaâriyaah

Kartaany, kâmytaamat bonaa
Põt tshaayi doore ḍyooṭhmut
Saanyav kanav tee boozmut
Saânis dilas tee byooṭhmut
Tâmysund chhu âsy dooryar zârith
Suy monmut chhukh rooṭhmut
Goshan gupith zan byooṭhmut
Lolas chhi bâly bemaâriyaah

Yëmy doori roozith tsoori zan
Phambaah lâdith thõvmut kanan
Zaañh chhaa prûtshaan ahvaal son
Zaañh chhaa sworaan zaañh chha vanan
Yim kaala gaṭi me traâvmûty

COMPULSION

I could weep floods, and not drink
The salt of my own tears;
But what avails my bootless grief,
Even if blood streams from my eyes
And I dash my head on callous stones?
I know my cries fall on deaf ears,
Then what urge, deathless, makes me complain,
And aim vain shafts at the sullen sky?
What compulsion! What helplessness!

Man's life is one protracted process of dying.
Harassed by hunger, thirst and cold; beset
By trouble; afflicted with disease; benumbed
With worry, grief and the sordid business of living;
And, when these release their grip,
Assailed, maddened, enfeebled by desire,
His mind failing to rest on any object,
Driven from distraction to distraction,
Haunted by something he knows not what!
Having neither seen nor known the Good, seeking
For something lost, like one made drunk in sleep!
What affliction of flesh and longing!

Someone, sometime, somewhere
Has caught, as we are told, here below
A distant shadowy glimpse of His beauteous form.
Since this our hearts cannot dismiss as fiction,
We cannot bear the cruel distance that separates, —
For in great displeasure He sulks apart,
Hidden in retreats unknown to man.
Fond love's quest is ever futile!

He who lives so far away, in hiding as it were,
Plugging His ears with cotton wool,
Does He ever think of us? Does He ever care?
Does He ever ask, 'What has befallen
The unfortunate souls I cast in utter darkness

Laàgith chhamban chhaaran vanan
Amaa timan gāyi kyaah vanan
Husnas na kaañh gamkhaāriyaah

Dapahav āmis yas ratsh na srēh
Tāmysūnz diyee phal veer kyaah
Vyōd maa ti chhuy maa pay pataah
Labanuk karakh tadbeer kyaah
Dil chhus na maanaan path atsun
Vaavas karav zanjeer kyaah
Tas te vūchhav takseer kyaah
Chhaa lol yaraftaāriyaah

Panunuy kanan manz chhus sadaa
Chhus naapha paanas manz khāṭith
Laaraan chhi amaa roosykāt
Parbat ta van traāvith tsāṭith
Laaraan tithay paāṭhyan chhu dil
Atha khor traāvith āchh vāṭith
Mushkaah yivaan chhus yaara sund
Lāmy lāmy kaḍaan chhus suy rāṭith
Soorith ākis cheezas andar
Bēyi manza chhus neraan phāṭith
Shamūan yēmis hov doori paan
Pompur bēhaa daaman vāṭith
Tas pata māty māty nerinaa
(yōdvay āchhyav nish chhus khāṭith)
Sath akli hāndy jaamay tsāṭith
Chhaa husan jodoogaāriyaah

Haāraāniyaah, lachaāriyaah
Nafsūch ta shokūch khaāriyaah
Lolas chhi bāly bemaāriyaah
Husnas na kaañh gamkhaāriyaah
Chhaa lol yaaraftaāriyaah?
Chaa husan jodoogaāriyaah?

To wander o'er hills and ravines and woods?
Beauty has no compassion!

I reason: Fool! He who is so untouched by pity,
What fruit will His willow yield?
And how do you hope to find this Stranger?
For you wouldn't know Him if you met Him!
But the fond heart isn't thus restrained,
For who can ever chain the wind?
And can I really blame the heart?
True love is no flirtation!

Lo! this enthralling music comes only from within you!
Lured by her own musk's fragrance, the musk deer
Bounds restlessly in vain quest o'er hill and dale;
So runs the human soul in mad and blind career,
Drawn irresistibly by the fragrance of the Beloved,
Glimpsing Him in all created things,
Now in one and even now in yet another.
Having seen the lamp from afar,
The moth cannot sit still,
But will ever run after, with frenzied ecstasy,
Tearing through the seven robes of wisdom
(Even though the flame be hidden from his gaze).
Is Beauty mere enchantment?

What compulsion! What helplessness!
What affliction of flesh and longing!
Futility of fond love's quest!
Beauty's stony indifference!
True love is no flirtation,
But is Beauty mere enchantment?

seven robes of wisdom — the five senses, reason and judgement.

KARANAAVI TAARAKH NAA!

Naakaara gomut nagar son
Basanas na laayakh roodmut
Lootas ta havsas baäjbath
Manzbaag miskeen moodmut
Tsalahaa ta bëyi yimahaa na yor
Karanaavi taarakh naa apor!

Zaälim zalar zan zaal hyath
Zaagaan gareeban zora vaäly
Khotsan na haäkim maari maa
Prütsha gaär maa kunyi aasi kaäly
Chhukh peera phwokh tay dyaara zor
Karanaavi taarakh naa apor!

Maanav bányith möhnyuv mazoor
Chhòn nòn malyun áchh gaasha ròs
Lari looka hanzay baádaraan
Nari losanaavaan baashi ròs
Saaraan khara sündy paäthy bor
Karanaavi taarakh naa apor!

Day zonmut chhukh jaábiraah
Poozaa tasünz bachanuk chhu tshal
Zévi kiny khwoshaamad chhis karaan
Aase ta anyi maa kènh vwodal
Aslee chhu dök kh son peera zor
Karanaavi taarakh naa apor!

Päzyaäry, rahbar, rèsh, valee
Kar taam asi nish moodymüty
Zuva räsý märy path kun tihüny
Mäty, märy ta mandar roodymüty
Vati raavaraan mulaa ta gor
Karanaavi taarakh naa apor!

Sédy saada swondar jaanavar
Asi nish yiman bachanüch chhi aash
Maáarith muhith chhikh äsy karaan
Thoolav bachav saan aäly naash

FERRY ME ACROSS

This city is now evil,
No longer fit to live in.
Robbery and greed in league
Crush the helpless in between.
I'd run away and never return!
Won't you ferry me across?

Like cruel spiders with their webs,
Propped up by wealth and priests,
Those in power wait for the poor,
Unafraid of earthly justice,
Or of higher justice one day.

Man, turned menial, wage labourer,
Hungry, naked, unclean, sightless,
Building houses for others' comfort,
Wears out his limbs in joyless toil
Like an ass that carries loads.

God to us is a hard tyrant,
Wrathful if not worshipped,
Offended if not flattered,
And He well might work great harm.
Thus we have to lean on priests.

Sages, high-souled and honest guides
Have long since been forgotten;
But we worship their lifeless sloughs
Such as madmen, shrines and temples;
And our priests mislead us every way.

Beautiful birds in innocence
Expect of us protection;
But we destroy them, nest and all,
With eggs and lovely fledgelings,

Chhuna khoona rós vwotalaan tor
Karanaavi taarakh naa apor!

Yéti saarivüy day monmut
Kun daata maalik maäjy mol
Khwokabaäty, taarakh, viginyi, yachh
Traävith baraan täsy yot lol
Pava nish na ðalavüny or yor
Zuv chhum bramaan gatshahaa bü tor
Karanaavi taarakh naa apor!

Yéti baäzy, afsoon, shilpa vyaz
Khurynaava zaänith anyigöt
Bakhtee, préyam, seevaa, dayaa
Shöd darüm maanan tshöt ta möt
Äthy vati pyaþh thaävith chhi khor
Zuv chhum bramaan gatshahaa bü tor
Karanaavi taarakh naa apor!

Yéti desh vöth, zal thal vèshaal
An, pan ta phal, mad gyav vóphoor
Dyutmut dayan tim baägaraan
Khyath chhukh hūraan, zaanan na tsoor
Swombarun chhi ganzaraan vwolabor
Zuv chhum bramaan gatshahaa bü tor
Karanaavi taraakh naa apor!

Kénh kaänsi nish yäts tsör na kam
Béyi sund vüchhith älyfas na bam
Ada kyaazi traavan topa düh
Ada kyaazi pyan asmaana bam
Dushman na kaañh, phojuk na bor
Zuv chhum bramaan gatshahaa bü tor
Karanaavi taarakh naa apor!

Äry dāry manush päshy chaava suüty
Yéti kaām köt saāree karan
Path chhakh syaþhaa rozan mwokal

To provide a feast that gladdens all.

O my soul yearns to go
Where everyone knows God
As the only giver, lord and father,—
Where goblins and stars haunt no minds,
For all love Him alone.

There charms and spells and magic rites
Are known as mere patterns of darkness;
And all work steadfast on the path
Of devotion, love, service, compassion —
The simple faith of people there.

That's no forbidden country!
There's open land, with gushing streams,
Grain and fruit, milk and honey —
God-given abundance shared by all!
Each gets enough and more; none thief;
Hoarding is meaningless folly.

That's not a land of sharp contrasts,
And the green-eyed monster preys on none.
That is why no cannon boom,
No bombs rain from serene skies —
No enemies, no crushing burden of arms.

O what lusty limbs in man and beast!
Happy are their hearts in work,
And happy hours of leisure follow

Gindan, gyavan, lekhan, paran
Asanuk ta vyasanuk dor dor
Zuv chhum bramaan gatshahaa bü tor
Karanaavi taraakh naa apor!

Yëti kaañh na vadanaavaan shuryan
Yëti deeviyay maanaan triyan
Yëti koor göbras khwota òaàth
Yëti nwosh na kaañh karmas düyan
Yëti baây srèh vuzanas tswopor
Zuv chhum bramaan gatshahaa bü tor
Karanaavi taarakh naa apor!

Vani, vaari, aañgan, jaayi saaph
Shrógy baana bartan, shrootsy shraáñy
Sëdy saada vastür shoobavüny
Áry paan swondar nundabaány
Kaañh maa kwokaarav kiñy kwokor
Zuv chhum bramaan gatshahaa bü tor
Karanaavi taarakh naa apor!

Kaañh maa hyatsar zad tay bichor
Kaañh maa chhu mòt yaa phyor chor
Sworanay na naphsüny dorador
Pashanuk na vwosh, vadanuk na shor
Santosh vrat chhakh lachh kworor
Zuv chhum bramaan gatshahaa bü tor
Karanaavi taarakh naa apor!

Yëli saarinüy asi tòthi day
Yëli pheri pay præymuk tswopor
Saáree banan päzykiny manush
Rozee na yëti kaañh hoon bror
Tee gav zi Raamun nagar khor
Roozith yapaaree tàry apor
Zuv chhum bramaan gatshahaa bü tor
Karanaavi taarakh naa apor!

For books and song and fun and play
And sounds of echoing laughter.

There children are not made to cry;
Women are treated as goddesses;
Daughters are dearer than sons;
Daughters-in-law don't curse their fate,
And love gushes from every spring.

Orchards, gardens, houses are clean;
Pots and pans are shining, though cheap;
Garments simple and graceful;
Bodies steeped in health and beauty,
For none is deformed with vice.

Distress, depression, unsound minds
Do not plague men there, —
Nor gnawing pangs of hunger
Or sighs of remorse or sounds of wailing.
Contentment is their boundless wealth.

When God blesses us all
With the sap of love in every vein,
It's only then that we'll be men,
And not mere cats and dogs.
The here will be the hereafter —
We'll build the city of Rama.

GHULAM AHMAD MAHJOOR

1885-1952

Born at Metragam, Pulawama. Son of Pirzada Abdulla Shah, who was well-read in Persian and Arabic and from whom he received his first lessons. Sent later to village Traal to study under the poet, Ali Ghanai Aashak. Admitted in Nazrat-ul-Islam School, Srinagar at the age of 18. Studied here till he passed the Middle School examination. Went to Amritsar where he made the acquaintance of the Urdu poets, Bismil Amritsari and Shibli Naamaani. Adopted the pen name Mahjoor, learnt Urdu calligraphy and worked as a *kaatib* (writer) in a newspaper office. Returned to Kashmir and married in 1908. Started writing poetry, first in Persian and then in Urdu. His first Kashmiri poem, *Vanta hay Vesy* appeared in 1918. Wrote subsequently only in his mother tongue. His father wanted him to enter his own profession which, however, did not attract the sensuous youngster. Appointed as a *patwari* in 1908. Though he kept aloof from politics, he enlarged his canvas to include subjects like unity, social equality, communal harmony and freedom. With the birth of New Kashmir, he was the most honoured poet till his death in 1952.

LWOKACHAAR

Baázy káarithúy tsòlkhaa baázygaaro ho
Navbahaaro myaani lwokachaaro ho

Myon yaavun khasavun haar shraavun
Jalva haavun ta aalam tambalaavun
Bosh poshan rood dòh taaro ho

Nav bahaaro myaani lwokachaaro ho

Myon lwokachaar vanakuy os divdaar
Labi dáriyaa chhaavaan taaza sabzaar
Mato tsattam haa tabardaaro ho

Nav bahaaro myaani lwokachaaro ho

Myon lwokachaar joshdaar kaayur naar
Shola maaraan khoonkhaar zoraavaar
Josh soryom tshêta gom naaro ho

Nav bahaaro myaani lwokachaaro ho

Myon lwokachaar khaabaah os mazadaar
Khyom aphsoos yaamat gos bedaar
Tee bú vuchhahaa béyi dubaaro ho

Nav bahaaro myaani lwokachaaro ho

Myon lwokachaar baaguk jaanaavaar
Poshi lanji pyaṭh bolaan khwosh guftaar
Teer mo laay meeri shikaaro ho

Nav bahaaro myaani lwokachaaro ho

Myon lwokachaar sholavun os gulzaar
Suli phólymúty aásy tath guli anaar
Vaava hardúnyi gos loora paaro ho

Nav bahaaro myaani lwokachaaro ho

Myon lwokachaar tsalavun aabi Rámby aar
Gav neerith pheerith yun chhu dushvaar
Kwolaraadán dód yi sabzaaro ho

Nav bahaaro myaani lwokachaaro ho

· YOUTH

How very soon after conjuring
A vision so sweet, you left, O wizard!

Life's spring time, O my youth!

How like high midsummer was my youth,
Tempting the world with lifted veil!
But alas, the blossoms remained for a day!

Life's spring time, O my youth!

It was like a cedar in the forest
Enjoying the river bank's pubescent green.
Cut it not down, O stern woodman!

Life's spring time, O my youth!

It was like the blazing pine-wood fire,
Showering sparks with tongues of flame.
Spent is its force, the fire is out.

Life's spring time, O my youth!

My youth was only a dream so sweet
That my grief was great when it was gone.
O could I dream that dream again!

Life's spring time, O my youth!

It was a sweet-throated bird in the garden,
Singing perched on a flowering bough.
Do not aim your arrow, O hunter king!

Life's spring time, O my youth!

It was a garden aflame with the colour
Of the bright red blossoms of pomegranates.
But the autumn wind destroyed the bloom.

Life's spring time, O my youth!

It was like the hurrying waters of Rambhi stream
Which rushes down, but can't come back
Even though the grass on the banks may wither.

Life's spring time, O my youth!

Graay kariṭhūy tsöl me yaavan raay
 Laay roozūsna hiyi tanyi traāvnam haay
 Yiyi naa bëyi haavi deedaaro ho
 Nav bahaaro myaani lwokachaaro ho

Chhas Zulaykhaa vati pyaṭh laāgith maay
 Shaahi Yoosuf yiyinaa yaavan raay
 Bëyi aki laṭi gatshi milatsaaro ho
 Nav bahaaro myaani lwokachaaro ho

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I stand forsaken by the Lord of Youth,
And soot has covered my jessamine frame.
My eyes starve to see him again.

Life's spring time, O my youth!

I am the forlorn Zuleika on the road,
My love, Yusuf's footfall awaiting.
I yearn to meet him once again!

Life's spring time, O my youth!

Rambi stream — a straggling stream flowing through Shopian,
which looks like a broad river when swollen during the rains

BAAGE NISHAATA KE GULO

Baage Nishaata ke gulo
 Naaz karaan karaan vwolo
 Khanda karaan karaan vwolo
 Mwokhta haraan haraan vwolo

Tsaakh tsü yaam dar chaman
 Bosa káree tsé kosaman
 Shok chhü yambürzalan
 Khaäsy baraan baraan vwolo

Saäri ðaluk tsü vùchh bahaar
 Baage Nishaato Shaalamaar
 Chashma zü thaávmay tayaar
 Taara taraan taraan vwolo

Sangdilaa sitamgaraa
 Aar tsé chhuy na akh zaraa
 Zaayi gāyas bü swondaraa
 Maay baraan baraan vwolo

Baava kāmīs bü yim sitam
 Maara matyo tsü boztam
 Hola gājis bü dam ba dam
 Lol haraan haraan vwolo

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FLOWER OF NISHAT BAGH

Flower of Nishat Bagh!
Come with your blandishments,
Come with your laughter,
Come showering pearls.

When you entered the garden,
The *kusum* kissed you;
The narcissus glowed with passion;
Come filling glasses.

See, spring has come
To Dal, Nishat and Shalamar!
I've kept ready two gushing springs.
Come rowing across.

O stranger to all pity,
Hard-hearted tyrant!
My bloom is wasted.
Come love me true.

Who'll heed my woes
But you, my love?
I'm dying of grief.
Come showering love.

two gushing springs — 'chasma' means both 'spring' and 'eye'
The two springs across the Dal Lake are Chasma Shahi and
Chashma Sahibi

GREESY KOOR

Poshivünyi baagüch poshi gwondäriye
Greesy koory naazneen swondäriye
Sworgüch Heemaäly Kaafüch päriye
Greesy koory naazneen swondäriye

Azaad vanüchee poshe thäriye
Mushka suüty toory kamee bäriye
Sath rang bakhshee kamee rangäriye
Greesy koory naazneen swondäriye

Syöd saada jaama chhee shaama swondäriye
Na zi chhee gota nay zäriye
Kaatsa zoonyi zan chhi kaala öbrüky thäriye
Greesy koory naazneen swondäriye

Neeran pheraan chhakhay shaah päriye
Goshan kar havaa khoriye
Poshan vyoor hyath vasee tüläriye
Greesy koory naazneen swondäriye

Yaahoo karaan neree kotäriye
Baagan pheree ranga tsäriye
Naaga sabzaarüch baaga babäriye
Greesy koory naazneen swondäriye

Vanavaan draayakh pyath thazäriye
Viginyav shaabaash käriye
Changa saaz vaayaan chhakhay didäriye
Greesy koory naazneen swondäriye

Tsè ta khwojabaayan chhaa baraabäriye
Tsè gulan suüty dilbäriye
Khwojabaayi tröparith daari ta bäriye
Greesy koory naazneen swondäriye

Roshi roshi draayakh baaga andäriye
Poshav kan tsè maa bäriye
Bulbul kärythakh käly tay zäriye
Greesy koory naazneen swondäriye

THE PEASANT GIRL

Bouquet from Beauty's everlasting garden,
Heemal of Heaven or Caucasian fairy —
O peasant girl, what grace! what beauty!

Flowering plant in the woodland of freedom,
Who filled your buds with fragrance?
Whose brush painted you in gorgeous rainbow hues?

Exquisite beauty, how simple is your attire,
With neither flashy border nor brocade!
O bright Kartik moon, draped in black clouds!

Queen of the fairies, you roam in freedom
In glens and fragrant bowers,
Like a honey bee gathering pollen.

With song on your lips, O bright song bird,
You glide among flowers, scattering fragrance
Like sweet basil leaves growing wild on green banks.

I heard you singing on the heights
Like one playing on a harp in ecstasy,
And the fairies clapped their hands in joy.

What gulfs between you and high born dames!
You are the soul of freedom and flowers
And the dames languish in shuttered prisons.

When you entered the garden — O what coy grace! —
What did the flowers whisper to you?
You've robbed the bulbuls of their speech.

Gahna kanyi posh chhee tanyi järy järiye
 Gārymüty kāmee zargāriye
 Paāry lägyzi ath kaārygāriye
 Greesy koory naazneen swondāriye

Royas chaānis may paykāriye
 Aab-o-rang chhuna baazaāriye
 Moyas maa chhay phālilūch tāriye
 Greesy koory naazneen swondāriye

Hayahūki aaba chhay chashma bāry bāriye
 Gaāratūch chhay dilaavāriye
 Sharmi chaanyi hoorav taāreeph kāriye
 Greesy koory naazneen swondāriye

Daji pyaṭh vuchhmakh thōd ladith nāriye
 Lolo karaan lolāriye
 Nari maa losay tsoor kāry kāriye
 Greesy koory naazneen swondāriye

Guma hatsa shoobaan buma vanjāriye
 Chhi karaan gaarat gāriye
 Hyas yinay raavee mas malāriye
 Greesy koory naazneen swondāriye

Bulhavas may laag guli paykāriye
 Aalutsh yuth nay aavāriye
 Chika chaav panunuy yinay raavāriye
 Greesy koory naazneen swondāriye

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You wear no jewels, but your lovely skin
Sparkles with millions of them!
Glory to the jeweller who wrought this miracle!

Your hair, innocent of purchased scents,
Frames a face whence flows such heady wine
As for its hue and power has no compeer.

O those gushing springs of bashfulness!
The houris envy your grace, and yet
You're framed in virtue, strong-souled maiden.

I saw you working in the field,
Yours sleeves rolled up, singing a love song —
O what rough work for those delicate arms!

O the loveliness of those sweat-soaked arched eyebrows!
How many are the hearts that it has slain!
O urn full of wine, beware your own drink!

Flower among fairies, let not the primrose path tempt you!
May you escape the deadly embrace of sloth
And the wayward doom of unbridled desire!

Heemaal — heroine of the immortal Kashmiri love story, *Heemaal Naagyraay*

Caucasian fairy — The Caucasus mountains, according to legend,
were the home of ravishing beauties.

NERAHAA SANYAAS LAĀGITH

Nerahaa sanyaas laāgith yaara sund pay tshaarahaa
Pherahaa shahran ta gaaman baal tas pata laarahaa

Yaara sūndis poshibaagas rosha vasahaa lola saan
Poshivūny akh poshi ḍaālyaah dwon āchhan manz
khaarahaa

Yōd su dilbar marshi traāvith syōd mē kun karihe nazar
Shraavanas zan hee bū phwolahaa yaavanas tshōh
maarahaa

Kaamadeev kari saāri Dal boozum shabas gatshi Telbal
Darshanas aabas andar pamposh laāgith praarahaa

Posh phōlymūty vaari kēntsan rang kēntsan rango boo
Rozavun yus gul chhu baagas suy gulav manza tshaarahaa

Bekhabar paāṭhy aam khabre lola tab chhum kyaah vanas
Akh damaa ṭhāhraav karihe dyava zaraa sandarahaa

Soz bozūnyi paana yiyihe bozihe myaānee vedaakh
Shoka saan dilakis rabaabas taara lolūchi chaarahaa

Vadana suūty taāseer gatshihe yōd tamis sangeen dilas
Raat dōh pananyav āchhyav kiny khooni baaraan haarahaa

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I'LL PUT ON SAFFRON ROBES

I long to put on saffron robes
And find out where my love has gone,
Roam in every town and village
And over hill and dale.

I would glide into his bower
With love in every limb,
And gather in both my eyes a bouquet
Of flowers that do not fade.

If my love would only look at me,
Leaving his high disdain,
I'd be the Shraavan jessamine,
Abloom with youth and joy.

The God of Love is coming to Dal Lake
And will go at night to Telbal;
O could I become a patient lotus
In the lake to see him pass!

Variegated flowers bloom,
Some with ravishing perfumes;
But among these flowers I long to find
The one that does not fade.

He came to see me unexpected;
How could I show him the anguish
Of my love? I'd have revived
If he had stayed a moment.

I long for him to come and hear
The song of my love-sick soul;
I'd tune the strings of love
In my heart's harp in joy.

If his flint heart will melt
Only with my tears,
I shall weep a rain of blood
From my eyes every day.

Telbal — an exquisitely beautiful spot in the Dal Lake.

NUNDABAANYI DILBARA MYAANI

Nundabaanyi dilbara myaani vājythas maayi vanay kyaah
Heemal kārthas zaayi Naageeraayi vanay kyaah

Chhim aarūvali hāndy paāthy gamūty paara badaānas
Kastoori roodukh doori vanan tshaayi vanay kyaah

Daana daana zan sheena maāny gājis chaanyi amaaray
Thēhē paan loyum lolache Gangaayi vanay kyaah

Raavun chhu labun yaam zonum Raam sapnum dil
Ada naar gōṇḍnam khophache Lankaayi vanay kyaah

Vōth shor yaamat vaav husnas moj tulith gav
Izhaar kōr tee zulphache thatharaayi vanay kyaah

Dil myon gul zan āshka vaavan kōr yi pareshaan
Shahbaaz thovuth bulbulas hamsaayi vanay kyaah

Masval bū aayas ṭukra jigarūky pesh kashee hyath
Bēyi kyaah bū anay chhum yutuy sarmaayi vanay kyaah

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MY BEAUTIFUL ONE

How shall I tell you, O beautiful one,
A Heemal, enmeshed in your love,
Is pining, wasting away for you —
O Naāgiray, how shall I tell you?

Sweet thrush, you've hidden in distant woods
While, like the wild jessamine's,
My bloom is falling off, petal by petal —
How shall I tell you?

I waited like a patient glacier,
Melting with yearning for you;
At last, grown desperate, I hurled myself
Into the Ganga of Love.

'Lose, if you would find!' Realizing this,
My heart became Rama, subduing Ravana,
And the Lanka of all my fears
Was burnt down to ashes.

Breezes stole into Beauty's world,
Causing ripples of desire;
Long tresses are still a-tremble,
And O! the havoc in my heart.

O breeze of love! why do you tease
The simple rose of my heart?
You've made the hawk neighbour to the bulbul —
How shall I tell you?

I've come to offer you all I have —
The pieces of a broken heart;
Alas! how shall I tell you, my love?
Like the hyacinth, that's all I have.

Vata chaanyi vùchhahaa vaara nazran raàchh chhim
 kam taany
 Boozum vwoñ karanam raàchh dilache raayi vanay kyaah
 Gul royi mè roothukh ta gokh kaman mèherbaan
 Naacheez kandyan pyath tsè trovuth saayi vanay kyaah

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I would gaze long at the path you took,
But they are watching my eyes;
I hear they are going to put a watch
Soon over my beating heart.

O rose-faced beloved, forsaking me,
You turned your heart to others;
On worthless thorns you lavished love —
How shall I tell you?

VWOLO HAA BAAGVAANO

Vwolo haa baagvaano navbahaaruk shaan paádaa kar
Phwolan gul gath karan bulbul tithee saamaan paádaa kar
Chaman vaáaraan rivaan shabnam tsáñith jaamay
pareshaan gul
Gulan tay bulbulan andar dubaaray jaan paádaa kar
Ma thav gulzaaras andar swoy gulan kits swoy
kharaabee chhay
Yivaan sumbal chhi pay dar pay gule khandaan paádaa kar
Karee kus bulbulaa azaad panjaras manz tsü
naalaan chhukh
Tsü pananye dasta pananyan mushkilan aasaan paádaa kar
Hakoomat maalo dolat naazo nemat bëyi shahanshaähi
Yi soruy chhuy tsé nish paanas tsü amichee zaan paádaa kar
Agar vuzanaavahan bastee gulan hanz traav zeero bam
Bunyul kar vaav kar gagraay kar toophaan paádaa kar

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COME, GARDENER!

Come, gardener! Create the glory of spring! make
Guls bloom and bulbuls sing — create such haunts!

The dew weeps and your garden lies desolate;
Tearing their robes, your flowers are distracted;
Breathe life once again into the lifeless gul and the bulbul!

Rank nettles hamper the growth of your roses;
Weed them out, for look thousands
Of laughing hyacinths are crowding at the gate!

Who will set you free, captive bird,
Crying in your cage? Forge with your own hands
The instruments of your deliverance!

Wealth and pride and comfort, luxury and authority,
Kingship and governance — all these are yours;
Wake up, sleeper, and know these as yours!

Bid good-bye to your dulcet strains; to rouse
This habitat of flowers, create a storm,
Let thunder rumble,—let there be an earthquake!

BULBULO MÔT GOKH POSHAN

Vyoor poshan kam tulaan chhaavaan chhi kam
baaguk bahaar,

Bekhabar ami raaza nish chhukh shora shar bisyaar chhuy

Vaalavaashan chaanyi baapath vaalabary zaavily kârikh

Poshi thari ândy ândy hyuvuy maa zaal tay sabzaar chhuy

Poshi thari pyaṭh aaly han chhay vaalanay ath zaalanay

Kaaly traavun baag aasee vwony tsè kyaah inkaar chhuy

Yus shihul kul aasi bakhshaan Ruma Rêshun aay tas

Shihli râstyan makh chhi divaan tath gavaah divdaar chhuy

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FUSSY BIRD

Fussy bird, you do not know
Who drink delight from bud and blossom,
Ravish spring in all her beauty —
Fussy bird, you do not know!

New clapnets have been made for you,
And finer are the meshes;
The snare around the flower shrub
Is camouflaged in green.

Your pretty nest is on the bough —
But they'll burn and bring it down!
And, fussy bird, you will have
To leave the garden soon!

We love a shady tree and wish
It were to live for ever,
But axe the one that gives no shade —
Even if it's the proudest pine !

GULSHAN VATAN CHHU SONUY

Bulbul vanaan chhu poshan
Gulshan vatan chhu sonuy
Sonuy vatan chhu gulshan
Gulshan vatan chhu sonuy

Sumbal vanaan bunafshas
Roozith tsu tshaayi chhukh kas
Van traav baag kun vas
Gulshan vatan chhu sonuy

Andy andy saphed sangar
Devaari sangi marmar
Manz baag sabüz gohar
Gulshan vatan chhu sonuy

Manz baag kohasaaran
Râṭ jaay navbahaaran
Phôly laala shaalamaaran
Gulshan vatan chhu sonuy

Naagan kwolan ta aaran
Joyan ta aabshaaran
Dyut soz navbahaaran
Gulshan vatan chhu sonuy

Baagan kôhan ta baalan
Naaran vanan ta naalan
Kam rang gul chhi khaalan
Gulshan vatan chhu sonuy

Lājymüts phulay chhi poshan
Baagan vanan ta goshan
Bulbul vüchhith chhu toshan
Gulshan vatan chhu sonuy

Mahjoora des sonuy
Baagaah chhu nundabonuy
Ath lol gatshi baronuy
Gulshan vatan chhu sonuy

A GARDEN IS OUR LAND

The bulbul sings to the flowers:
'A garden is our land!'

The hyacinth says to the violet,
'Why are you hiding thus?
Come down from the woods to the garden.'
A garden is our land!

Like walls of white marble
The mountain peaks enclose
A sunny space of emerald green.
A garden is our land!

The early spring has come again
And camped on mountain heights,
And tulips blow in Shalamar.
A garden is our land!

The sweet gift of spring
To fountains, rivulets, streams
And waterfalls is music.
A garden is our land!

Colourful flowers bloom
In gardens and on hill and mountain,
Forests, ravines and river banks.
A garden is our land!

Blossoms are everywhere
In orchards and on hills,
And drunken sings the bulbul:
A garden is our land!

Mahjoor, our motherland
Is the loveliest on earth!
Shall we not love her best?
A garden is our land!

AAZAĀDEE

Sanaa saāree pariv saanyan garan manz tsaayi aazaādee
 Syaṭhaa yātskaāly asi kun jalva haavaan aayi aazaādee

Yi aazaādee chhi traavaan magribas kun rahmatuk baaraan
 Karaan saānis zameenas pyaṭh tsharyay gagraayi aazaādee

Gareebēe muphlisee bebooj naapursaan zabaañ bandee
 Ameer rūtsi traayi asi pyaṭh aayi traavaan saayi aazaādee

Yi aazaādee chhi sworgūch hoor pheryaa khaana path
khaanay
 Fakat kentsan garan andar chhi maaraan graayi aazaādee

Yi aazaādee dapaan sarmaayidaāree chham na kunyi
thaavūny

Vwoñ pananyan nish chhi sōmbaraavun hyavaan
sarmaayi aazaādee

Lukan maatam garan andar bihith maahraaza hiv haākim
 Yimav rāṭmūts chhi paanas suūty khalvat shaayi aazaādee

Nabir Shekh zaanyi kathi hōnd maanyi tas tsāly
khaanadaarēny hyath
 Su gav fariyaad karne tas vwopar gari pyaayi aazaādee

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FREEDOM

Let us all offer thanksgiving,
For Freedom has come to us;
It's after ages that she has beamed
Her radiance on us.

In western climes Freedom comes
With a shower of light and grace,
But dry, sterile thunder is all
She has for our own soil.

Poverty and starvation,
Lawlessness and repression, —
It's with these happy blessings
That she has come to us.

Freedom, being of heavenly birth,
Can't move from door to door;
You'll find her camping in the homes
Of a chosen few alone.

She says she will not tolerate
Any wealth in private hands;
That's why they are wringing capital
Out of the hands of every one.

There's mourning in every house,
But in sequestered bowers
Our rulers, like bridegrooms,
Are in dalliance with Freedom.

Nabir Sheikh knows what Freedom means,
For they took away his wife;
He raised a hue and cry, until
She bore a child elsewhere.

Gamüty damphäty chhi saàree bekaraàree chhakh
dilan andar
Dapaan vanahäv panun ahvaal asi maa laayi aazaàdee

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They searched her armpits seven times
To see if she was hiding rice;
In a basket covered with a shawl
The peasant's wife brought Freedom home.

There's restlessness in every heart,
But no one dare speak out —
Afraid that with their free expression
Freedom may be annoyed.

Nabir Sheikh — used as a generic name for those who suffered thus
hiding rice — officials at the octroi post have to see that rice is not
smuggled into Srinagar

POSHINOOLO

Poshinoolo hoshi saan roz vānda draav bëyi soñt aav
Ranga ranga phôly posh baagas ner tsüti gulzaar chhaav

Panjaras mañz zaakh āthy mañz
vaāns guzaraavaan aakh

Khula fizahas mañz vuphun hēchh vaash kaḍ vasvaas traav

Aayatan chhay poshi thari yath lanji khwosh chhuy tath
bēhakh

Baagavaanay gaār aasee pas tsē maa rozee yi baav

Shraavanas zaan kadro kuūmat yaavanas tul kaañh
maphaad

Baāy varzith lookh arzith ulfatuk mas baāgaraav

Phaāz gav suy vaati yus aaman ta khaasan varna kyaah
Kas na rātsharaavūny tagan yēti baāy band tay aāshnaav

Dushmanas sangeen sazaa dyun badla hyōn chhuna
kaāñh kamaal

Tyuth salookah kar tsü tas yuth lola saan hēyi chon naav

Draay vaaryal baaga mañza jaanaavaran pheer zindagee
Tsü ti agar vaaryal banakh bas gav baraabar aav jaav

Chaani baaguk khaara jigaras nyēbrimēn jaanaavaran
Tsaay baagas mañz dapaan chhukh yim karan myonuy
bachaav

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O GOLDEN ORIOLE

O golden oriole, winter's gone,
Gay spring has come again!
Step out and feast your weary eyes
On the myriad flowers abloom.

Born in a cage where the candle
Of your life has guttered low,
Shed your fear and, spreading wings,
Learn flight in God's free air.

Flowering plants have spread their arms,
Perch on the bough your fancy takes;
But with an alien as your gardener,
This freedom won't remain.

Know how precious midsummer is!
Don't let your youth run waste!
Pour the wine of universal love,
For all men are friends, not foes.

Goodness does not discriminate
Between the high and the low;
There's no greatness in lavishing bounty
On one's own kin alone.

Strength lies not in severe reprisals
Nor in cruel revenge.
You can win over bitterest foes
With the force of love alone.

Hawks have left your garden,
And birds are all in song;
But if you yourself turn a hawk,
How futile was this change!

Naive indeed is your faith to see
As saviours and redeemers
Interloping birds that burn
With envy of your lot.

Dig satüty sünz zaani bumsin gaärzaanan kyaah khabar
Tház kulaah dith jaanavaaraah suüty chhis vaaryal ta kaav

Zor saálaabuk chhu Vwolaras khatra Vijavaavuk ti chhus
Gaat chhuy vunyi door vaarah vaav vüchh vüchh naav
traav

Os gulzaaras andar Mahjoor vaayaan lola saaz
Az dapaan bulbul ti kyaah gav panjaras mañz kona tsaav

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The earth-worm knows how the hoopoe bites.
Those unaffected do not know
This grand high-turbaned bird is one
With all the hawks and crows.

The Wular Lake is still in flood,
The North Wind howling strong,
The shore is far away and you
Must steer your course with care.

Mahjoor has always sung love songs
In freedom in his garden.
'This is no way', the new bulbuls say,
'For he must enter a cage!'

North Wind — a dangerous wind on the Wular Lake



ABDUL QADOOS RASA JAVIDANI

b. 1901

Born at Bhadrawah. Comes from a family which migrated from Anantnag to Bhadarwah during the Sikh rule. Started business after having studied upto the 8th standard. Passed the Persian examinations, Adib Fazil and Munshi Fazil and started writing poems in Urdu. Was appointed teacher in a Govt school, in which profession he continued till his retirement. His first Urdu poem, *Laila Sahra* was written in 1926. His advent into Kashmiri poetry came much later. Literary influences: Rasul Mir and Mahjoor in Kashmiri and Akhtar Shirani in Urdu. Represented Kashmir in the National Mushaira in 1961. Has published his Kashmiri poems under the title *Nairang-e-gazal*.

GAZAL I

Dòpun vandaham tsū kyaah dōpmas javaānee
Dòpun tamy pata mè dōpmas zindagaānee
Dòpun kyaah chhukh yatshaan dar har do aalam
Mè dōpmas bas chaānee mèharbaānee
Dapyaamas parda tul dōpnam chhuyaa taab
Vōnum 'arinee' ta boozum 'lan taraānee'

GAZAL II

Jaan lekhayaa kina jaanaana lolo
Naama shoobee kamyoo anvaana lolo
Kath na shaaye chhu chon nooraana lolo
Kaaba baasaan chhumo butkhaana lolo
Az na Majnoon ta Farhaad paana lolo
Sood àshkun rood afsaana lolo
Paan vandanye su aayaas lola bōrmūt
Zol shamahan kyaazi parvaana lolo
Mang ma yaāree tsū har shaayi gaatajaaras
Kunyi jaaye laag devaana lolo
Gona graavay pazi naa naakhwodaayas
Naav bōṭh lājy yēli toophaana lolo
Husni seerath chhu Rasahas chon mahboob
Khat-o-khaalas chhuna devaana lolo

GAZAL I

She said, 'What will you offer?'

I said, 'My youth.'

She said, 'After that?'

'My life,' I said.

She: 'What do you crave for

In this world and the next?'

I: 'Your kindness

Is all I want.'

'O lift your veil!' I implored.

She said, 'Can you bear it?'

I said, 'I can', and I heard,

'Boast!'

GAZAL II

Shall I call you my life or my love?

How shall I address these lines to you?

Show me the place where your light isn't seen —

The kaaba and the temple are the same to me.

Gone are both Majnu and Farhad —

Only the stories of their love remain.

He came to offer his life with love.

Then why should the lamp have burnt this moth?

Don't seek always wisdom's guidance —

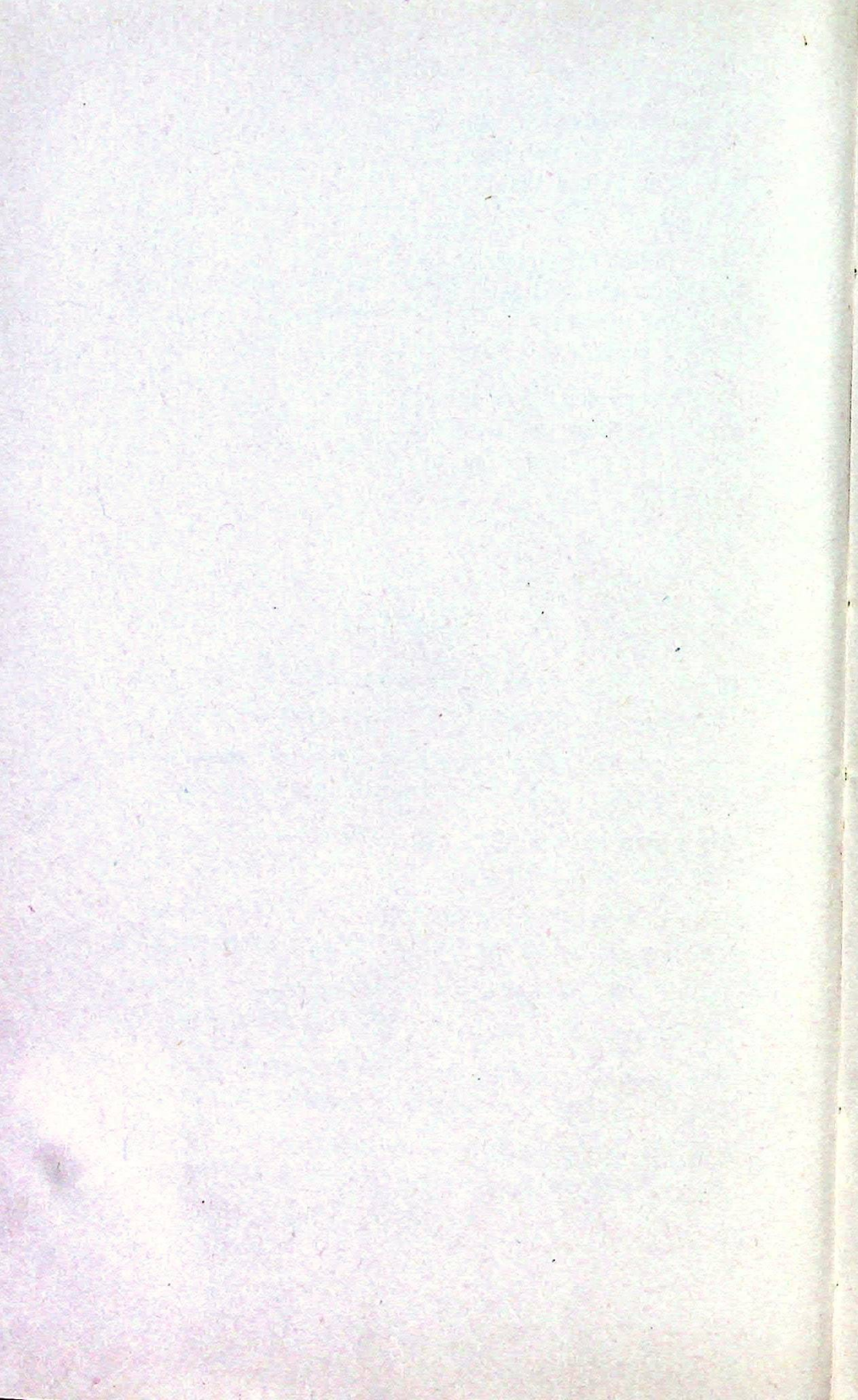
At times be also mad.

Who would blame the boatman for complaining

When the boat is caught in a shoal in storm?

Rasa is in love with your tender heart;

He is not bewitched by line and form.



ABDUL AHAD AZAD

1903-1948

Born at Rangar, Badgam. Studied upto the 3rd standard. Was appointed teacher in Arabic in a Govt school in 1919. Passed the Munshi Alim examination in Persian in 1926. Started writing poems quite early under the pen name 'Ahad', which he later changed to 'Janbaz' and finally, in 1931, to 'Azad'. Wrote first in Persian and Urdu, and later in Kashmiri. Met Mahjoor in 1935, when he was undergoing training at the Normal Training School, Srinagar, and was quite impressed. Literary influences: Iqbal and the progressive writers. Politically, he remained a Radical Marxist throughout his life. His work *Kashmiri Language and Poetry* was published in 1959 by the Cultural Academy.

INKALAAAB

Zindagee kyaah? inkalaaban hânz kitaab
Inkalaab-o-inkalaab-o-inkalaab

Zindagee hònd asal maane iztaraab
Iztaraabuk maane matlab inkalaab

Inkalaabav paada kâry mazhab ta deen
Inkalaabav kos shak hovukh yakeen

Gaatajaaree khatam kâr paygambaree
Rooz baakûy shaâyiree sodaagaree

Bronth kun pakh darda baagan bar mûtsar
Chhay banemûts parda hish pananee nazar

Yémy bahaaran sheen traävith doth trov
Poshibaagûy zaani tàmy kus daag thov

Akh ti maaryas byaakh haaryas daari khoon
Tshaavûlis teeris hihuy puj raamahoon

Khooni mardan thov konoonan halaal
Rath chavaan paadar sùhan kamzaat shaal

Vaay majbooree gwolaamee bandagee
Bekaraaree bekasee sharmandagee

Parda tsath dilakyan hubaaban tul nakaab
Inkalaab an inkalaab an inkalaab

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CHANGE

What is life but the book of change?
Change — more change — and yet more change!

Flux is the living reality,
And change the meaning of flux.

It's change that brought forth religion,
Banished doubt, revealed true faith.

Now reason has banished prophecy —
Only poetry and trade remain.

Advance! Open the gates of the garden of love;
Your own sight is veiling your eyes.

Ask flowers how cruel is spring,
Breaking frost with a shower of hail!

To the sheep and the goat, the butcher and the wolf
Are alike — one slays, the other drains blood.

The law has sanctioned human slaughter;
Mean jackals are feasting on lions' blood.

O compulsion! slavery! subjection!
O restless, helpless heart! O shame!

Rend the veil! Uncover the seething, bubbling heart!
Change! Change! Bring a new change!

poetry and trade — the poetry of the rituals and the lucrative
business the priests have found in them

AARAVAl

Vaara mè vanta aaravàly kyaazi gàyakh vwobaàliye
Jaàdy kàree ta kan bàree vanta yi kàmy gulaàliye

Saaza dyakas shoobee tsè swon vanta yi kyaah gayee vanan
Door tsàjikh phòjikh vanan noora barùtsy mashaàliye

Zooni tsù chooni chhakh jaraan saaz karaan tsù dyan
baraan
Nèhagaṭe tsù kyaah karaan rwopa vanüch göpaàliye

Droy phàṭith yi lola zar parda tsàṭith ròṭuth thazar
Chhaa sù khàṭith vanan andar yèmy tsù karùkh vwobaàliye

Shoka yasùndi chhakh chhivaan nari yèmis tsù aalavaan
Chhum na kunye vane yivaan shama dilüky mè zaàliye

Ashk pharaan kaman kaman tapa rèshan ta aàliman
Ashk karaan chhü mosuman poshi badan kazaàliye

Tulri ṭwopal avaara vaav lol panun ma raavaraav
Maara matis tsù guzùraav paana panüny yi ḍaàliye

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THE WILD ROSE

Tell me truly, O wild rose,
What makes you waste away.
Has the tulip put a spell on you,
Or a hard word in your ear?

Gold should deck your scented brow,
Which is languishing in sad neglect.
O flaming torch, why run away
To bloom in distant woods?

I see you bloom in the light of the day
And gather gems when the moon is bright;
But what do you do on coal-dark nights,
O queen of the silver woods?

Your love's anguish bursts through all
Disguise, O dweller on heights!
Has he gone to hide in the deep woods
For whom you are pining thus?

He whose thought is joyful dance,
To whom you offer life and soul,
Why can't I see him anywhere,
Though I've lit the lamps of my heart?

Love has plundered every one,
Holy saints and learned men;
Love puts black soot on the rosy frames
Of young and innocent souls.

Don't make your love like the wayward breeze
Stung by wandering bees;
Make it a precious offering
At the feet of the one you love.

Darda gulan gäyakh buchhith aarapalan tsë dil ràchhith
Sangdilan andar vùchhith laal mwolüly mwolaàliye

Gaara gayee tsë khworda saäly yaar banaan chhi
dyaara vaäly

Meer vuchhum banaan phatsaäly daata banaan savaäliye

Bosh ta husan pooshynay poshi bahaar tooshynay
Chhaavee dōhay dilūch phulay toshee tsü poshimaaliye

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How glad you've made the stones in brooks,
Leaving the lovesick guls forlorn!
Are you there because precious rubies
Nestle in hearts of stone?

Or were you early driven by deep disgust
With the hollow friendship of moneyed men,
Or seeing rich men turn penurious
And generous donors poor beggars?

May your joy and beauty never wane!
May floral spring adorn you!
O lovely flower, may the bloom on your face
And the bloom in your heart increase!

DĀRIYAAV

Tsalaan chhum shar hubaaban iztaraaban valvalan andar
Yivaan chhum zindagee hōnd soz safran manzilan andar

Kanyan khambryan khayān khraashan pakaan chhus
manz gaṭyan gaashan
Na chhus mōhtaaj shaabaashan na chhus mushtaak
gindabaashan
Yuthuy chhus raata kruulan manz tyuthuy chhus
bulbulan andar

Khoshaamad kārytanam kaañtshaa maalaamat
kārytanam kaañtshaa
Bū yath kyut chhus gōmut paādaa karun chhum tee
ḍarun kas kyaah
Bū nokar chhusna kaañh afsar lēkhyam naakaābilan andar
Mē aadat chhuy na path pherun mē nish gav
brōñhkunuy nerun
Na chhus gul paan chhum sherun na bulbul ol chhum yerun
Bū chhus khwosh pechtaaban inkalaaban zalzalan andar

Baṭhyan beran sanyan vwognyan ts āṭith vaalaan
chhus boshe
Daryan takryan ṭharyan sāry pēṭhy gātshith ḍaalaan
chhus hoshe
Na chhum thaarun na dil haarun mē nyaayan gaañgalan
andar

Kaman sangeen kalaayan tay balaayan paan chhaavaan
chhus

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THE RIVER

My yearnings find expression
In bubbles, commotion, tumult;
It's in wandering to distant goals
That I find the music of life.

I move on day and night
Through rocks, ravines and ditches;
I do not pause for praise,
I do not pause for play;
I am at home with the bats
As I am with the bulbuls.

Flattery cannot tickle me
Nor disparagement make me falter;
A purpose brought me here
And I live to see it through;
I am not fettered, as men are,
By the fear of disapprobation.

Forever faring forward,
I know no turning back;
I don't adorn myself like flowers,
Nor build nests like the bulbuls;
My delight is in swift eddies,
Revolutions and earthquakes.

I cleave the sides of the banks and bunds,
And level the high ground with the low;
Leaping o'er proud, strong obstructions,
I scare their wits away.
I do not seek a fight.
But meeting it, I do not quail.

I hurl myself against stone ramparts
And other mortal barriers;

Panun chhakraavanay aamut kunyar bëyi sòmbaraavan
chhus
 Tsataan sangar ta thaasaan baal pheraan jangalan andar
 Dyutum parvaaz obras raahatuk taaseer baaraanas
 Valim yim neely jaama ta laajvardee jaama asmaanas
 Tulaan chhus hol gagaraayan ta sholaan vuzmalan andar
 Bū vathraan pharshi makhmal pyath kinaaran taaza
yaaran kyut
 Mazooran thākymūtyan bëyi shoka vaalyan dostdaaran
kyut
 Behyan raahat karan dyava farhataah vaatyakh
dilan andar
 Ameeraah baadshaahaa aāsytan hyōndaah mussalmaanaah
 Bū kath praaras bihin chhaāvin chēyin naāvin barin
baanaah
 Mē nish raajaah navabaah saāyilaah akh saāyilaan andar
 Sanyar vōgnyaar bāṭhy tay bera ḍeeshith jera chhum
yivaan
 Kunyar yaksaan chhus tshaaraan laaraan yoot maaraan
paan
 Tavay chhus aab aāsith vaara tulavyan tyōngalan andar
 Yinuk gatshanuk zyanuk maranuk na chhum parvaah na
chhum kaāñh gam

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Then collecting once again the fragments
Of my scattered self,
I hurl down rocks, wear down hills
And roam in the forests free.

I give wings to the cloud
And the gift of mercy to the rain,
And it's I who dress the firmament
In blue and purple robes;
Mine is the voice of the thunder,
Mine the flame in the lightning.

I spread green velvet carpets
On my banks for friends,
For tired limbs of hard-worked labour
And for lovers of pleasure;
They come and sit and bathe and drink
In freedom and in joy.

But I do not wait on any one!
Hindus, Muslims, men of wealth,
Rajas, nawabs come and rest,
Seeking balm for bruised spirits.
But to me they are all suppliants
Among the many who come to me.

I shall not rest till the world is rid
Of the embankments that divide,
Of ditch and hollow that deform
Its smooth and lovely face.
This passion, like a consuming fire,
Burns me even though I'm water.

Coming and going, birth and death
Are all the same to me.

Na chhus haàraan vaatan kam na chhum pheraan gày
kam kam
Chhi yith yith vāhma tay vasvaas aasaan buzdilan andar

Jigar chhus sangaran katraan raftaaras swo garmee chham
Madanvaaran badan naavan atvaaran swo narmee chham
Syazar tay lol chhum bāry bāry varan pechan valan andar

Gulan tay bulbulaan manz chhus bū vaayaan myooṭh
santooraah
Palan sangeen dilaan manz inkalaabuk ḍol ḍaṇḍooraah
Yitshūy narmee titshūy garmee chhē myaanyan
galgalan andar

Daraan yēti kāhra myaanye lāhra maaran vakhta bāḍy
valaveer
Tate poshe tharyan chhus roshi chaavaan daayi hāṇḍy
paāṭhy sheer
Zuvak myaānyee chhi shamshaadan ta sarvan raāyilan
andar

Syāṭhaa narmee ta diljoyee karaan chhus khoobroyan manz
Yivaan chhus masvalan hyath tresh khwosh raftaar
joyan manz
Tulaan tasveer pamposhan bihith poshe ḍalan andar

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I don't wonder who will come,
Nor grieve at the fine men gone —
Futile fears and anxieties,
Which trouble the weak of heart.

Big mountains know my might,
For I split their hearts asunder;
But with gentle caressing hands I bathe
The bodies of beautiful girls.
My flowing stream and waves and eddies
Are bursting with truth and love.

I play soft tunes on my *santoor*
To flowers and the bulbuls,
But the thunder of the drums of revolution
Is my music for hard-hearted rocks;
My gurgling sound is sweet indeed,
But it hides a potent fire.

Puppets of Time, however great,
Quail at the wrath of my waves;
But I play the nurse to flower shrubs
And feed them with my milk;
To the cedar, pine and cypress
I've given my life without stint.

I love to be gentle, I love to play
In the midst of loveliness;
I carry drink to the thirsty iris
In gracefully moving streams,
And I stop to obtain the image
Of the lotus in bloom in the lake.

PAZI SHAMSHERE GINDUNAA KAR

Paziche razi lam kunyirüchi vere
 Pazi shamshere gindunaa kar
 Rinda mastaanan zindagee phere
 Pazi shamshere gindunaa kar

Valaveer hala vizi path no phere
 Valvala tamysund tuli mahshar
 Süha grazi shaal bëhi tsoori tal bere
 Pazi shamshere gindunaa kar

Broonþhymis patapata paküvünyi teere
 Paana ti bronþh kun nazaraah kar
 Khayi manz maa gatshakh nayi hânzi vere
 Pazi shamshere gindunaa kar

Mardee chhana swon vatharun here
 Tsandanüky laagüny daari ta bar
 Swona seri laagünyi thazi kana vere
 Pazi shamshere gindunaa kar

Gönd chhuy logmut shoobidaar shere
 Baalaadari pyaþh traavmüts lar
 Ami suüty huri kyaah tshari kalahere
 Pazi shamshere gindunaa kar

Pwokhtakaar mwokhtüchi veri ta zere
 Vasi manz södras nyeryas shar
 Aaraköt treshi hôt phaþi maa kere
 Pazi shamshere gindunaa kar

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FIGHT WITH THE SWORD OF TRUTH

Pull at the rope of truth to gain
The strength of the single mind.
Bold aspirants will gain new life.
Fight with the sword of truth!

No brave man flies from the battlefield;
His tumultuous war cry rends the sky.
At his lion's roar jackals hide behind mounds.
Fight with the sword of truth.

O sheep, blindly following others,
Use your eyes, look ahead, my friend,
Lest, dreaming of meadows, you land in a ditch!
Fight with the sword of truth.

You are not great if you've paved your stairs
Or raised your porch with bricks of gold,
And made doors and windows of sandalwood.
Fight with the sword of truth.

The hollow man doesn't cease to be hollow
By reclining in easeful pavilions,
His turban crested with gorgeous plumes.
Fight with the sword of truth.

The wise man whose heart is set on pearls
Dives into the deep and finds his treasure,
While the timid man dies of thirst by the well.
Fight with the sword of truth.

GAZAL

Laay mōhabatūch kamand mulki khwodaa shikaar kar
 Rozi mōhabatūch kathaa sozi dilas ma aar kar

Harda vize tsū dil ma haar yi chhu payaami nav bahaar
 Taaza gulan chhu intizaar taaza diluk bahaar kar

Zaanyi bichaara banda kyaah lol barun su vwonda kyaah
 Bandagiyan khwoshaamadan zyaada ma etibaar kar

Bram ta fareb chhi zulfo kham naazo adaa ta maānzi nam
 Zindagiye ma kar sitam rinda hanaa tsū aar kar

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|-----------------------------------|-----------|------------|----------------------|
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| o : go | ō : oasis | ū : script | uū : long ū |
| wo : got | ṭ : till | ḍ : do | ts : tsar (Russian) |
| consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुख्य | | | tsh : aspirate of ts |

GAZAL

Shoot the arrows of love,
And conquer God's dominion.
Sing loud the song of the heart:
The story of love will remain.

When autumn comes, do not lose heart;
It comes with the promise of spring.
Nature awaits new flowers' arrival:
Revive the spring in your heart.

How little does the slavish mind
Know of love or the loving heart!
Do not rely on empty forms,
Easy salaams and flattery.

False, deceitful are beauty's grace,
Wavy tresses and lovely hands.
Save your life from sore distraction —
Drinker in life's tavern, have pity!

HAA VATANDAARO HO

Tshyata kyaazi göy gaàratuk naaro ho
Gatshta bedaar haa vatandaaro ho

Chhukh dabyomut khofüchi rabi andar
Bumsinyi hândy paáthy chhay traàvmüts lar
Lahra maaraan neroo shaahmaaro ho
Gatshta bedaar haa vatandaaro ho

Kanyi sheeshi ta aab göy seemaabas
Gokh haàraan pyokh manz gardaabas
Fota sapunuy kyaazi mwokhta haaro ho
Gatshta bedaar ha vatandaaro ho

Joshi àndrimi tøndrúki dita akh tshaþh
Tréti hândy paáthy pyata arkhalanüy pyaþh
Poshi vananüy tsali khaara khaaro ho
Gatshta bedaar haa vatandaaro ho

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O, MY COUNTRYMAN!

The fire of your honour is out.
Awake, my countryman!

Do not sleep like a worm
Buried deep in the mud of fear.
Come out in your hooded majesty.
Awake, my countryman!

Caught in a whirlpool, you are amazed to see
Your stone become glass, your quicksilver water,
The pearls of your necklace worthless beads.
Awake, my countryman!

Let flames leap out of the oven of your heart!
Fall like lightning on noxious nettles,
And meadows of flowers will live without fear.
Awake, my countryman!

GHULAM RASUL NAZKI

b. 1909

Born at Mader, Bandipur. Studied Persian and passed the Adib Fazil examination, after which he also passed the B.A. examination. Worked first as a teacher and then as editor of *Taaleem-e-Jadeed*, and finally as a programme executive in Radio Kashmir. After retirement, started his own Urdu Weekly, *Alghufrān*. At present, he is editor of *Chaman*. Wrote first in Urdu and published his collection of poems, *Nazaakat* in 1932-33. *Deeda-e-tar*, another collection of poems was published later. He also published *Rooh-e-Ghani* (translation of selections from Ghani in Urdu) and *Abdul Ahad Nadim* (a critical biography of Nadim). Started writing in Kashmiri at the insistence of the younger poets. His *Namrood Naama*, a collection of 200 quatrains was published in 1964. Main literary influence: Iqbal.

RUBAĀYAAT

Swo swondarmaal pheraan aās aaran
Kanan gav viginyi vanavun sabzazaaran
Tsalaan thapi thaari buth chhōl aabshaaran
Dapaan tāly ṭaari nazaraah kār bahaaran

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Tsé kun deeshith tsūnūny poshan ḍalaan rang
Dekūchy drūh chaāny ṭooryan dil karaan tang
Yi roshan chon chhum traavaan chhwokan noon
Vuṭhan kumajaar kar zakhman yiyam ang

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Sitaarav zooni vōn vuchh saāny mahfil
Tsé kyaah gōy kyaazi chhakh roozith tsū tanhaa
Vwoshaah traāvith karūn nazaraah ta vōnanakh
Gōtshum akh mahramaa yas raaz vanahaa

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Amis paanas ziyaafāts jaan pwolaavaah khyōn
kabaabaah chhuy
Mē dōpnam maali hyas kāryzi pato aākhūr hisaabaah
chhuy
Rangaarang khyath ta chyath paanas
naseehath jaan kyaah kārnam
Tsé chhay rahmat yi gurbat phaaka rozun bōḍ
savaabaah chhuy

QUATRAINS

When that lovely woman wandered over stream banks,
A fairy song tingled in the meadow's ears;
Tumbling in haste, the waterfall washed his face
And, they say, spring stole a hasty glance.

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Peach blossoms grow pale on beholding you;
Your frown troubles the hearts of buds;
Your radiance is like salt on my old wounds —
The wounds your love alone can heal.

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The stars said to the moon, 'Behold our assembly!
What a pity you've chosen loneliness.'
She looked at them and sighed and said,
'O for some one to share my woes!'

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Dining on dainties, *kabaab* and scented rice,
He says, belching food and morals,
'Beware, friend, of the ultimate reckoning!
Blest are the poor! Fasting ennobles the soul!'

GHULAM HASAN BEG ARIF

b. 1910

Born at Anantnag. Worked as a teacher in Islamia Middle School, Anantnag after passing the Intermediate (Science) examination. Worked as a clerk at a ration depot and later as a laboratory assistant in S P College, Srinagar. Appointed Demonstrator in the same college after passing the B Sc examination from Islamia College, Lahore. Won a Govt scholarship and passed the M Sc examination in Zoology from Aligarh University in 1939. Appointed Deputy Director, Sericulture at the Jammu station in 1948. Appointed Director, Programmes, Radio Kashmir in 1948, but reverted to his post and then promoted to the post of Director, Sericulture in 1950. Sent to China on a 6 months' study tour. While at Lahore, lived next door to Iqbal who influenced him strongly and fostered in him a love for the Kashmiri language. Founded Bazme Adab in 1940. Represented Kashmir at the All-India Writers' Conference convened by the Sahitya Akademi. Was a member of the Kashmir Cultural Front and a member of the editorial board of *Kwong Posh*, journal of the progressive writers. Started the Bazme Adab journal, *Gulrez*, in 1952. Appointed member of the Language (Script) Commission. Started writing poems very early in Kashmiri and Urdu. Translated the Constitution of India into Kashmiri. Helped in the preparation of *The National Bibliography*. Translated Tagore's *Cycle of Spring* and 100 quatrains of Omar Khayyam into Kashmiri. Published his *Rubaayat* (3 vols) and a *masnavi* entitled *Laila*.

RUBAĀYAAT

Siyaàsee dostee chhay kaagazee naav
Tsù harfûky paat̃hy ath pyat̃h paan mo saav
Pakun chhuy broñth bachanûchy thaav soorath
Chhè vakhtûchi lahra doraan garzakuy vaav

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Shikaslad vòn yémis sarmaayidaaran
Vonus haàkim siyaàsee baàzygaaran
Ditsùs humy myât̃ karùs yémy zât̃ ti kaamûny
Gareeban rang badlaan vuchh ayaaran

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Manaavaan jashni shaàdee vuchh mè ablees
Syat̃haa bira baara atsañas logmut fees
Dapaan tsájy akli vwony eemaanachee khay
Kòdum mazhab panun taàrûm bèyan pees

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Kalas pyat̃h vot vòth mulamaaya traamas
Khwochar aav labna ada taakaara aamas
Dyakas aav sharmi hònd guma asni lājy sum
Pato hasrat chhu apzis doom daamas

QUATRAINS

Political friendship is a paper boat,
Fit bed only for the foolish word.
If you would fare forward, beware
The wave of time and the wind of self-interest.

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The rich man called him scum, but fed him on his crumbs.
The political juggler called him king and robbed him of
his rags.

The poor have for ages seen
The changing make-up of the knaves.

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Satan arranged a jolly fete —
The crowds were huge, though the fees were high.
Intellect is now clean of the rust of honesty,
And religion is now an ace of trumps.

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When copper crowned the head, its gilt
Wore off and dross stood all revealed.
The brow perspired for shame, the hair laughed.
Fraudulent show ends always thus.

Vata band gayi jangiyan hònd zor aav
Zyuth avaamuk muntakhab az yor aav
Lori tsànd khèyi phaaka haty akh baakh tshat
Haa khwodaayo az ti büy chhus hor kaav

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Vuchhum aki vwoṭi mwokha sheran banaan shaal
Yivaan yim labana hās̄y aasaan mòyi vaal
Pazyuk apazyuk karaan maahol kaāyim
Vyandaan shastūr kalaay aasaan zalūry zaal

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Chikh dits àky bezabaan shury maaji babi sūsraay vātsh
Tsyal vachhas dith baanbūre tas diginyi dwoda thatharaay
vātsh
Mè ti gayam gali zyav kōrum mè ti bezabaānee manz sadaa
Kwodratas baba barūna aayam, phitratas thatharaay vātsh

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Gareebay mota bachi saālaab gaalyas
Vanday traavyas bichaaras taaph zaalyas
Zameenas aasmaanas āmysundūy zid
Dohaa banyi heri bwona suy zool zaalyas

All traffic's closed; the troops are out to-day,
For the people's elected chief has arrived.
The baton struck the half-starved, eager fool
Who cried, 'O Lord, now too it's I!'

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One leap shows the jackal with leonine face.
Those who seem elephants lack the strength of a hair.
In this world of strange dissembling,
Spider webs assume the aspect of formidable iron walls.

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With the speechless baby's sudden cry,
 restless were the mother's breasts,
And as she pressed them in a hurry,
 a spout of milk came gushing forth.
I was speechless with amazement
 and a wordless cry escaped me too,
At which Nature's breasts grew restless
 and seemed to burst with milk.

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Till the poor man dies, he is ruined by the flood;
If the winter spares him, there's the heat that will burn.
Nothing but hate for him fills the earth and the sky.
But one day he'll make a bonfire of everything
 above and below.

Aārifo pananyis swonas khwōṭ tsaan mo
Yath na kaahavaṭ shōd vaneē shōd maan mo
Yuthna naaras manz gālith hyakh traam ral
Daāny tsaālith paan bāly mwola vaal mo

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Zahar khyath zindagee hānz aash bekaar
Anyuv pyath aaftaabuk gaash bekaar
Sulaymaan dēshanuk yas rēyi na shokūy
Tāmis rēyi kyut pakhan hōnd vaash bekaar

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Chhu yāts bēhtar mē nish suy rind-i-maynosh
Tsuvaṭi pyaṭh pyath yēmis diyi māstiyee hosh
Tāmis darvesha sūndi khwota braari buth yas
Yēmis vasi manz bihith Shetaan roposh

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Bū kara tath raāts hānzi gaṭi gaash kworbaan
Vuzaan yēmi vizi manas paanay chhu Kworaan
Amee vizi tshyan gatshaan shaāhee phakeeree
Sikandar tashna Khāzras pyaala chaavaan

Arif, do not with baser metal alloy your gold!
What the touchstone rejects is never pure.
When you lie molten o'er the fire, take heed
Against contamination by even a grain of copper.

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Vain is the hope of life after swallowing poison,
Or the light of the sun when the eyes cannot see,
And vain would wings be for the ant
Which never knew the passion to climb Sulaiman.

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To me the drunken man, fallen at the crossroads,
To whom wisdom might come with inebriation,
Is far better than the dervish with seemingly innocent
face,
In whose very marrow Satan sits concealed.

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I'd sacrifice light to the darkness of that night
When the Quran unfolds itself to the soul —
That moment when king and beggar are equal made,
And Sikandar holds the cup to the lips of thirsty Khizir.

Duhul yus raata kruûlas raat kaavas
 Kachhas yus gaavi maza raazas pwolaavas
 Vanav kath nazari paâz, rut kath khayaalas
 Âkis ywosa eed, swoy dôymis amaavas

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Ajab sodaagaree insaan maalûch
 Chhê chaalaakan athas manz kunz khayaalûch
 Shahanshaâhee nyêtith gâyi, rooz path tsam
 Avaamuk raaj tshûni mâsy looka daalûch

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Yi keñtshaa dyut avaamas inkalaaban
 Ajab takseem kôr tath laajavaaban
 Hisas khatsa goli lookan, ðhela khaasan
 Yiman dag dod, human aâshan sharaaban

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What is day to the bat is night to the crow.
The cow relishes grass as the rich man scented rice.
Which sight shall we call keen, whose thought noble?
One man's feasting Id is another's fasting Amavas.

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Strange is the trade in human material!
Clever men possess the key of ideas.
Kings have shorn us. Now the skin remains,
Which our new rulers will into mocassins turn.

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Strange was the division made by God
Of the gains of political revolution —
Bullets to the people, to the leaders wealth;
These got pain and sickness, those affluence and wine!

Id and Amavasya — one, a day of feasting for the Muslims and
the other, a day of fasting for the Hindus.

DINA NATH WALI ALMAST

b. 1910

Born at Badiyar, Srinagar. Studied upto the Matriculation, after which he studied art at the Amarsingh Technical Institute. Specialised in water colour landscape painting. Tried modern painting, but gave up the experiment. Started writing in Kashmiri in 1935, his first poem, *Vesj tsala hay tsala hay* being in the style of Arnyimaal. Joined the Cultural Congress as a sympathiser and wrote some socio-cultural poems, which were published under the title *Baala Yapaari* in 1956.

GAZAL

Lola hàty armaan myaànee chaani kala pèthy aalavith
 Tee agar marzee chhi chaànee chaani kala pèthy aalavith
 Posh chhi kati butaraàts pyaṭh tim yim kathan
chaanyan haraan
 Chaani khaàtara Kaamadeev maa sworgakis baagas
pharaan
 Navbahaarüch gul fishaànee chaani kala pèthy aalavith
 Tee agar marzee chhi chaànee chaani kala pèthy aalavith
 Kaala öbras manz chhi vuzamala prazalithüy dum yuth
tulaan
 Kaala dilasüy manz mè zwon chonuy talaatum tyuth tulaan
 Doṭh hish ashichee ravaànee chaani kala pèthy aalavith
 Tee agar marzee chhi chaànee chaani kala pèthy aalavith
 Chaàny husnan chovnas bü dwotshi dwotshe aabe hayaat
 Lolanüy chaànee mè bakhshum mota ke gama nish najaat
 Aalavith duniyaayi faànee chaani kala pèthy aalavith
 Tee agar marzee chhi chaànee chaani kala pèthy aalavith
 Yöd baṭhyan beran ðühith niyi kwoli hanzüy mastaana
chaal
 Paathalis manz gäyi ruhith ðeeshith yi chaàny jaanaana
chaal
 Aalavith khoonüch ravaànee chaani kala pèthy aalavith
 Tee agar marzee chhi chaànee chaani kala pèthy aalavith
 Marhaba khasavun yi yaavun, marhabaa husne jamaal
 Gav rahith Almast vüchhithüy tas musavira sund kamaal
 Musaviree myaàny gazalkhaànee chaani kala pèthy
aalavith
 Tee agar marzee chhi chaànee chaani kala pèthy aalavith

GAZAL

I bring you as an offering
My loving heart and longings.
Whatever you bid me sacrifice,
I'll sacrifice for you.

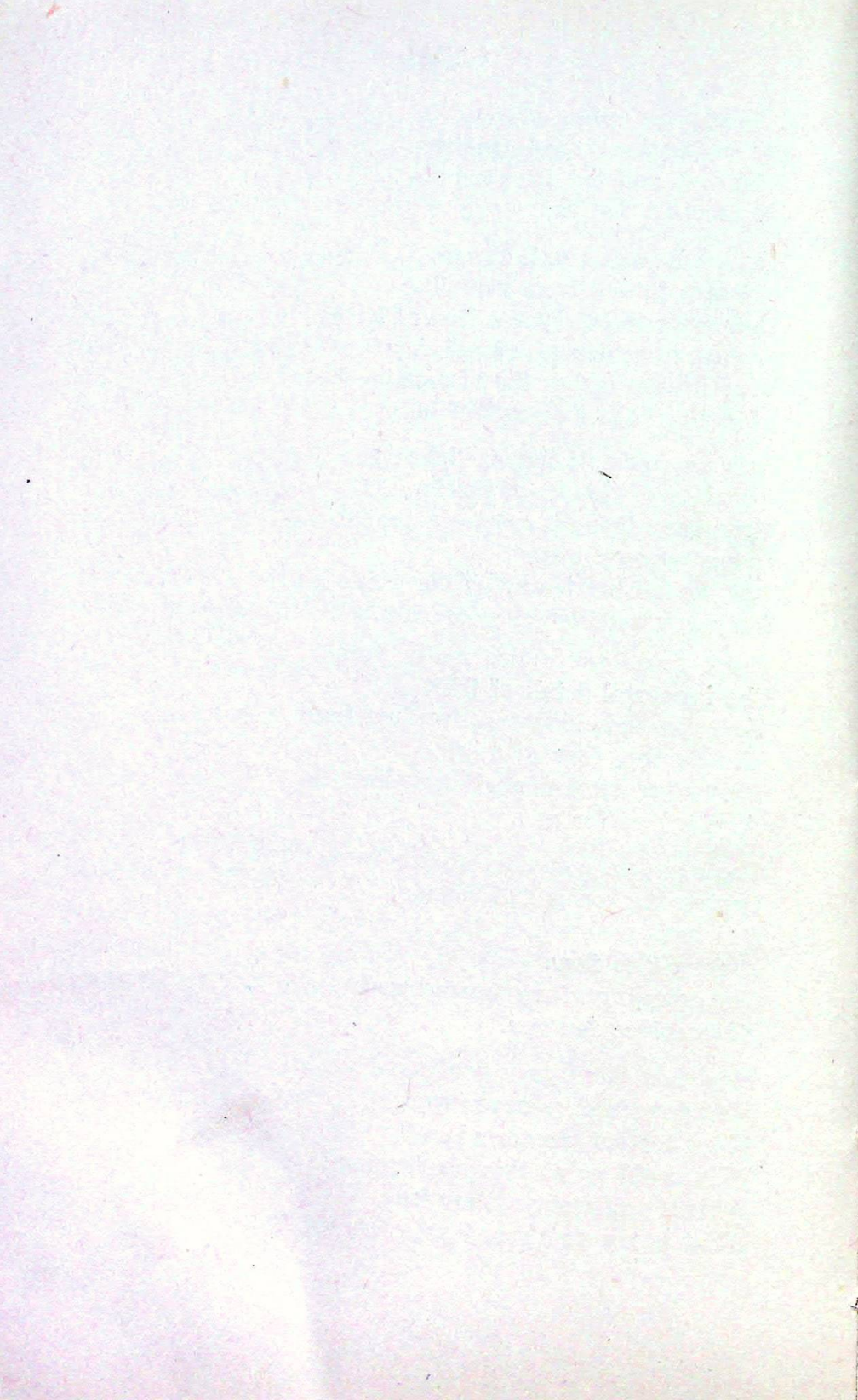
The earth has no such flowers
As those falling from your lips.
They were stolen by the God of Love
From the garden of Paradise.
Your beauty makes the blossoming buds
Of spring look pale and plain.

Just as quick flashes of lightning
Play havoc with black clouds,
Your very thought creates a tumult
In my gloomy breast.
But though my tears fall like thick hail,
They are nothing for your sake.

From your beauty I've freely drunk
The immortal drink of life.
Your love has given me freedom from
The clammy fear of death.
The entire mortal world, my love,
I'd sacrifice for you.

The drunken mountain stream came down,
Destroying banks and bounds;
But as it saw you on the plain,
It forgot to flow.
The coursing of my warm blood
I'd sacrifice for you.

May God bless your youth and grace!
May your beauty never wane!
Glory to that master's hand
Who could paint this masterpiece!
When I think of you, my love,
What is my poet's and painter's skill?



DINA NATH NADIM

b. 1916

Born at Habba Kadal, Srinagar. Studied at the S. P. College, Srinagar. Influenced by the freedom movement and the heroism of Bhagat Singh. Attempted writing in English at the age of 17. Influenced by Iqbal and Chakbast, he started writing verse in Urdu. Arrested during Sheikh Abdulla's national struggle in 1938, and all his poems were seized by the police and destroyed. First employed in a local school in 1940. Elected to the District National Conference in 1948-49. Started writing verse in Kashmiri in 1946. Joined the National Cultural Front in 1947 and the Communist Party in 1950. Elected General Secretary, Progressive Writers' Association in 1950. Member, National Cultural Congress from 49 to 52. General Secretary of this organization from 52 to 54. General Secretary, Kashmir Peace Committee, 51. Member, All-India Peace Conference, 51-53. Delegate to the Asian & Pacific Regions Peace Conference, Peking, 52. General Secretary, All State Cultural Conference, 54-56. President, Kashmir Teachers' Association, 55 onwards. Chairman, Kashmir National Theatre, 60. Elected member of the Sahitya Akademi, 55-57. Member, J & K Academy of Art, Culture and Languages, 60 onwards. Member, Advisory Board, Radio Kashmir, Srinagar, Text Book Advisory Board, Srinagar and State Educational Officers' Conference. Chairman, Kashmir Bhagat (Folk) Theatre. President, Kaashur Markaz, Srinagar. Assistant Director, Social Education, 65-69. General Secretary, Hindu Muslim Amity Council, 67. Principal, Lal Dyad Memorial High School, 63-65 and 69 onwards. Given Sovietland Nehru Award by the U S S R in 1971.

IRAADA

Vushun vushun, vwozul vwozul

Vwozul vwozul, vushun vushun

Vushun vwozul, vwozul vushun chhu khoon myon

Javaan chhus tuphaan hyoo janoon myon

Mè shok chhum Kasheeri pyaṭh fidaa gatshun ta jaan dyun

Bù vaav chhus mè kyaah karyam yi aavalun, yi aavalun

Malakh bānith pazyaa ḍalas andar bihun, khaṭith bihun

Banun chhu yup dushmanas chhu dyun lahun, chhu

dyun lahun

Tavay tavay vushun vwozul chhu khoon myon

Bù shaad chhus karun vatan aazaad chhum, aazaad chhum

Kāṭhyush kāḍith karun chaman aabaad chhum, aabaad

chhum

Vadun rivun pātyum ti vaara yaad chhum, mè yaad chhum

Nòvuy mè josh chhum nòvuy iraada chhum, muraad chhum

Tāvay tavay vushun vwozul chhu khoon myon

Dazun, dāzith grazun me kòr ishaara naara vuzmalav

Taluk pyaṭhuk mè bov seer bekaraar zalzalav

Ragan mè khoon bór nòvuy shaheed mazaara kyav gulav

Shihiny vwophun mè hov zyav mè āny bahaara bulbulav

Tavay tavay vushun vwozul chhu khoon myon

Yambürzalan ta sumbalan āchhan chhu nòv khumaar hyoo

Gareeb greestis karaan ameer zaarapaara hyoo

Buḍith vwomedanūy chhu lwokachaar, nòv bahaar hyoo

Dilas andar mè pron valvalaah chhu bekaraar hyoo

Tavay tavay vushun vwozul chhu khoon myon

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āā : bird

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ts : tsar (Russian)

consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुख्य

tsh : aspirate of ts

DETERMINATION

Red and warm, red and warm!
My blood is red and warm!
My youth the force of a storm!

For Kashmir, my land, a martyr I would die;
And whirlpools do not fill the wind with trepidation.
Lulled in the Dal Lake, waves should not hide and linger.
Let us become the flood and wash down the foe!
That's why — that's why
My blood is red and warm.

What joy to fight, O! for my country's liberation!
To chase out the frost and make the garden bloom!
My spurs are the unforgotten tears of yesterday.
I have a new fire, a new determination.
That's why — that's why
My blood is red and warm.

Lightnings signal me to burn bright and thunder;
Restless 'quakes point to a new apocalypse;
Flowers blooming on martyrs' graves
give new blood to my veins;
The love of vernal blossoms gives me the lion's roar.
That's why — that's why
My blood is red and warm.

The narcissus and the hyacinth have a new fire
in their eyes;
For the rich have learnt to kneel
before the impecunious peasant.
Spring and youth have come to bless grey-haired,
wrinkled hopes,
And centuries' old yearnings are tossing restless
in my breast.

That's why — that's why
My blood is red and warm.

Dazan chhi myaàny van, yiyam karaar kyaah, karaar kyaah
Rivan chhi myaàny gul, yiyam mè vaar kyaah, mè

vaar kyaah
Bù koñsalan ta phaásalan ti praara kyaah, bù praara kyaah
Tulun mè naar chhum, karyam mè naar kyaah, mè
naar kyaah

Tavay tavay vushun vwozul chhu khoon myon

Iraada chhum bù haava yaavanuk bahaar aalamas
Bù sonta vaava paàthy kara jigar nisaar aalamas
Rangan bù pananyi khoona, khaara mwol bù vaara
shabnamas

Bànyith bunyul ta naar kara bù laara laar dushmanas
Tavay tavay vushun vwozul chhu khoon myon

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|-----------------------------------|-----------|----------------------|---------------------|
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| consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुख्य | | tsh : aspirate of ts | |

Can I find rest when my forests are ablaze?
Can I live in peace when every flower mourns?
Have I the time to wait for lazy councils' deliberations?
I am the lighted torch, and a firebrand dreads not fire!
That's why — that's why
My blood is red and warm.

The fire of youth the world shall know when she beholds me.
I make myself an offering, like the spring breeze,
for the garden;
And I shall dye it with my blood, and dear shall be the dew!
And I shall rout the enemy with earthquake, fire and flood!
That's why — that's why
My blood is red and warm.

BÛ GYAVANA AZ

Bû gyavana az

gulan ta bulbulan ta sumbalan ta masvalan

hònduy khumaara hòt

ta maara mòt

mòdur mòdur ta nyèndri hòt

su nagma kaañh

Bû gyavana az su nagma kaañh

ti kyaazi az — ti kyaazi az

Gubaara gard jangachee khañan chhi rang masvalan

Ta dùhy bushanga janga kee tsañan chhi choñth bulbulan

Ta sumbalan apaary yapaary gatshaan chhwoñy chhu

haañkalan

Ta vüzmalan bihith àchhan chhu zaal zan

Khàñith chhi kòh ta baal

Ta kaala òbur sangaran vâlith chhu naal zan

Bû gyavana az

ti kyaazi az chhi jangbaaz jaalsaz hòl gāñdith

Kasheeri myaanyi zaag hyath

Bû gyavana az

Bû gyavana az Nishaat, Shaalamaar, aabshaara, laalazaar

kuy naram naram

pishul pishul

ta sabz sabz shabnamuk su nagma kaañh

Bû gyavana az su nagma kaañh

ti kyaazi az — ti kyaazi az

Be vaayi jaayi jaayi taapa kraayi zan chhi zaag hyath

Karan chhi aayi graayi yuth tsalan yi myon baag hyath

tavay chhu shaah àndüry gòmüt gulan

chhi laala daag hyath

I WILL NOT SING TODAY

I will not sing today
I will not sing
Of roses and of bulbuls
Of irises and hyacinths
I will not sing
Those drunken and ravishing
Dulcet and sleepy-eyed songs
No more such songs for me!
I will not sing those songs today.
Dust clouds of war have robbed the iris of her hue
The bulbul lies silenced by the thunderous roar of guns
Chains are all a-jingle in the haunts of hyacinths
A haze has blinded lightning's eyes
Hill and mountain lie crouched in fear
And black death
Holds all cloud tops in its embrace.
I will not sing today
For the wily warmonger with loins girt
Lies in ambush for my land.

I will not sing today
I will not sing
Of Nishat and of Shalamar
Of poppy beds and waterfalls
Soft
And silk-smooth melodies
Of the green dew.
I will not sing today
For the determined scorcher
Lies in hiding everywhere
Waiting for a chance to blight whatever is in bloom.
Roses hold their breath in fear
The poppy nurses her stain

Jwoyan chhu güngüraaya pyaṭh ti pähra zan
swoteyi kukili vaah
ta byooṭh haari vanachi ähra zan
Bü gyavana az
ti kyaazi az chhi jangbaaz jaalsaaz höl gāṇḍith
Kasheeri myaanyi zaag hyath

Bü gyavana az
Bü gyavana nav bahaara baala yaara ke amaara
kuy rangaaba rang vwozul ta hor
nyool sabaz töt ta shokh
nagma kaañh
Bü gyavana az su nagma kaañh
ti kyaazi az — ti kyaazi az
Bahaara süy chhi laar harda vaava ke zahaara chee
Vanan andar avaara taaza shooviyaa chhi naara chee
Sakhar chhi aadamas ti aadamee sünde shikaara chee
Yambürzalan tavay ṭapis chhi bana gamüts
havaa tshënith pyömut, ta hee chhi
thari bichaari tshyana gamüts

Bü gyavana az
ti kyaazi az chhi jangbaaz jaalsaaz höl gāṇḍith
Kasheeri myaani zaag hyath

Bü gyavana az
Bü gyavana az khaahan khalan ta döörinüy
andar su daanda vaäly haäly sund
nyandan hönduy su guma bārith
ti nagma kaañh

Bü gyavana az su nagma kaañh
ti kyaazi az — ti kyaazi az
Khaahan chhu laavi nyaahli laavi daavi zuv nyumut
Khalan chhu haalavan hānde yinuk ti päara zan pyömut

The stream's song
The koel's plaint
Have dried up in their hearts
And the wild mynah is tongue-tied with fear.
I will not sing today
For the wily warmonger with loins girt
Lies in ambush for my land.

I will not sing today
I will not sing
Of the yearning of first love and the blossoms of
young spring
For the autumn wind, poison fanged, is in hot
pursuit of spring
The hot cry of fire is heard in every forest.
Man has, alas, turned hunter of man!
Behold the poor narcissus with unkempt hair
The jessamine torn from the disconsolate vine
The wind prostrate.
I will not sing today
For the wily warmonger with loins girt
Lies in ambush for my land.

I will not sing today
I will not sing
Of the tiller in the rice fields
Following his plough, sowing, weeding
Transplanting
A song bathed in the sweat of toil
For the poison weeds have sapped earth's vitality
Locust swarms are swooping down on ripe corn

Dyakan pyaṭhūy chhu khopha suṭy guma zan shiṭhith
gōmut

Palan chhu aavalun tswopaāry gath karaan
ta gaasa taany krētyav
krētith
moola zan chhu rath haraan

Bū gyavana az
ti kyaazi az chhi jangbaaz jaalsaaz hōl gāndith
Kasheeri myaanyi zaag hyath

Bū gyavana az — bū gyavana az
twotaam ywotaam na

kōh ta baal
khaah ta ḍoor
gul ta posh
zag ta prōn
kumir ta kukili
bol bosh

harud ta sōnt
van ta baag, jwoyi ta aab, hee gwolaab
shaalamaar, laalazaar, aabshaar, nav bahaar
Zojibaal, Burzabaal, Nangabaal
Sheeshinaag
Vaavajan

Vaara kaara khopha rōst ta pāhra rōst ta āhra rōst

Bū bēyi vuchhakh

Ta tshimbara melavun

sulee

sulee — sulee

Iraada myaāny bēyi asan lasan basan

Ta rathi khasan muraad myaāny

To ṭoṭh myon — nundabon — baag son

Yōhōy panun panun vatan

yi bēyi vuchhan

aabaad aazaad ta khwosh yivun — bahaar hyoo
ta lov lwokachhaar hyoo

The sweat on every brow lies frozen with fear
The whirlpool is dancing the Devil's dance
The grass has withered and is bleeding at the roots.
I will not sing today
For the wily warmonger with loins girt
Lies in ambush for my land.

I will not sing today
I will not sing
Until
Hill and mountain
Field and fallow
Bud and blossom
Red rice and white
The koel's song
Spring and fall
Gardens, woods, rivulets, streams
Jessamines, roses, poppies
Cataracts and Shalamar with all the dower of spring
Zojila and Burzal and the sky-kissing Nanga
Sheshanag and Vaavajan
Until all these I see again
Freed from fear, siege and terror
And at the earliest break of dawn
Fulfilment greets my hopes
Until my darling motherland smiles
Like vernal bloom or innocence
In freedom and in joy.

Bū gyava tēlee — bū gyava tēlee
 ta sōnta phulūyi mōt gātshith bū gyava tēlee
 nata twotaam gyavana gyavana zaañh
 su nyēndri mōt khumaara hōt
 bū soz kaañh
 Tavay bū nera — az bū nera — vath bū shera
 bāṭhy ta bera sāmy karakh
 Bū nēra tez nōv kalam ta shraakh hyath
 ta dushmanan ta rāhzanan
 bū nera phera ṭhaakh hyath
 Dwokur kalam ta drot hyath
 Īraada vot prot hyath
 Bū phera jaayi jaayi shaayi shaayi pananyi aayi
 prath balaayi drot hyath
 ḍwokur kalam ta drot hyath
 Rumav rumav bū guma kādith chhalan yi ṭoṭh baag son
 yi nunda bon
 baala jaar — lwokachaar
 chon myon
 Ta khōh ta khayi, khwoḍ ta layi bū noora suṭty pooravakh
 Bū gyavana az
 Bū nera az
 Dwokur kalam ta shraakh hyath
 Īraada akh be baak hyath

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And then I will sing
Drunk with the scent of spring.
But never till such time
Those dulcet tunes for me!
But today I will go forth
Not heeding any dangers
With a sharp pen and a sharper sword.
I will stall bandits
With pen and hammer and sickle
And a dauntless resolve.
I will roam everywhere and face every danger
With pen and hammer and sickle.
With sweat from every pore
I will wash my garden dear
And I will fill with light
Every gorge and pit and chasm.
I will go forth
With pen and hammer and sickle
And a dauntless resolve.

warmonger — Pakistan.

Zojila, Burzal — mountain passes in the north.

Sheshnag — mountain lake on the way to Amarnath.

Vaavjan — 'the giant of winds'. Wind-swept mountain top after
Sheshnag.

SWO VIZ

Swo viz yèli myon gaàrath seena daàrith nyeri toophaanas
Phuṭan dand harda vaavas zard rang gatshi kaala

asmaanas

Gatshan gagraayi dam phàty tuur khasi zardaar shetaanas
Traṭan shaah losi naba grany kòl gatshith bèhi doori

vaàraanas

Swo viz yèli myon gaàrath seena daàrith nyeri
toophaanas

Swo viz yèli myaàny hyamath tsong laàgith pheri
asmaanas

Sùsar lagi vuzamalan din haàjy baavan chaak daamaanas
Lagan swona shraan bekas nyathananyan muphlis

kohastaanan

Vàṭith gandi naar òbras taarakan vuzi rèh shamaadaanan

Swo viz yèli myaàny hyamath tsong laàgith pheri
asmaanas

Swo viz yèli myaàny rahmat vaav laàgith atsi gulistaanas
Vwothan thòd bara gamüty gul thòd vòthith gulzaar

vuzanaavan

Yambürzala lola phwok laáyith gwolaaban naar
vuzanaavan

Su yus kari dwon kunuy setaara tamiche taara
vuzanaavan

Swo viz yèli myaàny rahmat vaav laàgith atsi
gulistaanas

Swo viz yèli myaàny seerath choonyi laàgith nyeri
daamaanas

Khayaalan mushka ambar yin tamanaa vachh tsàṭith
nyeran

Bahaarüky jaama vály vály rày gamüty armaan pòt pheran
Buḍith hasrat loküty gätshy gätshy khasan aki davi

satan heran

Swo viz yèli myaàny seerath choonyi laàgith nyeri
daamaanas

TOMORROW

When my wakened ire hurls
 defiance at the storm,
The autumn wind shall lick the dust,
 the blackest sky turn pale.
Thunder will, stifled, die in her den,
 and opulent Satan shiver.
The sky-quake fly to the distant wastes,
 and stand tongue-tied and stunned.

When my effulgent lamp of courage
 roams the heavens high,
Lightnings, however fierce, shall rend
 their robes and tremble and die.
The poor, naked, helpless hills
 shall bathe in showers of gold.
Cumulous clouds shall burst aflame,
 and the lamps of stars grow bright.

When my gentle breeze of mercy
enters the *gulistan*,
Fallen flowers shall rise again,
the *gulzar* again wake up;
And the narcissi with the breath of love
wake up the roses' fire,
And wake up the strings of the holy lyre
of universal love.

And when I don a robe whose hem
is set with gems and pearls,
Behold the fragrance in each thought!
And strangled desire
With the immortal sap of spring
will maddeningly return.
Yearnings shall, grown young again,
bound up the seven stairs.

Swo viz yèli myaàny hyakmat sheri phuṭmut bakht
insaanas
 Kajyar tsali bezabaanan zyèvi hajar gatshi door tadbeeran
 Gwolaaman pyan vāsith zolaana bèyi gatshi soor zanjeeran
 Mazooran bosh khasi mèhnat kashan baḍi noor takdeeran
 Swo viz yèli myaàny hyakmat sheri phuṭmut bakht
insaanas

Kunuy gatshi dwon jahaanan lola mas gatshi aalamas
jaàree
 Jamhooruk taaj dith kari raaj laachaàree ta naadaàree
 Vasan bwon zoon taarakh siriyi pàthris pyaṭh saman
saàree
 Sàmith din meethy sheras naadimas azaad insaanas

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When my physic seeks to cure
 man's desperate ills at last,
Fetters of all the slaves shall break,
 burn down and drop as ashes.
The dumb shall speak, and guile and quibble
 no longer plague men's plans,
Nor gnarled misshapen deformity
 the tree of destiny.

The here shall be the hereafter,
 and the wine of love flow free.
The salt of the earth shall rule the world,
 crowned by Freedom's laws.
The sun and the moon and the stars come down,
 and assemble here below,
And bless and kiss the forehead
 of the meek, the great Free Man.

PRÛTSHUN CHHUM

Dapaan poory kiny gaash lög baashi karane
 Siyaah bakhtanüy mwokhta daamaana barane
 Amaa aav panjaran yi maa bar mütsarane
 Nabas pyaṭh khasun chhum sitaaran prütshun chhum

Tsäṭith seena baalan pakun tshaala maaran
 Palan baaj hyath baaj dyun kohasaaran
 Chhu kus shok aabas andar graayi maaran
 Mé anahārshyanüy aabshaaran prütshun chhum

Kasund khooni armaan chhu baalaadaryan manz
 Kasund guma chhu larzaan paañ tsaadaryan manz
 Kasund rath chhu zotaan vunyi hee tharyan manz
 Nishaatan prütshun shaalamaaran prütshun chum

Chhi kämy khoon dith choonyi daamaana järymüty
 Panun maaz dith saaz-o-saamaana gärymüty
 Tsäṭith nam ta tsam kämy chhi durdaana gärymüty
 Vachhav talakyanüy mwokhtahaaran prütshun chum

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I WILL ASK

I see light lisping
On eastern mountain heights.
Has it come to stud with jewels
The dark robes of the downtrodden?
I must ascend the heavens
And ask the stars to speak.

What desire is leaping
In this restless stream,
Cleaving the breasts of the hills,
Frolicking and dancing,
Rich with the rocks' tribute
And giving the mountainsides a dower?
I ask the virgin waterfalls.

Whose desire, strangulated,
Lives in these pavilions?
Whose drops of sweat are trembling
In every waterfall?
Whose blood still scintillates
In every jessamine shrub?
I ask Nishat and Shalamar.

Who with his heart's blood
Studs hems with pearls
And fashions his flesh
Into ornaments of grace?
Who courts his frame's extinction
Chiselling jewels into form?
I ask the pearl necklace
Adorning Beauty's breast.

Khayaalan pyaṭhūy ṭhaana kōt taam rozan
 Béhyas kahar-o-toofaan kōt taam rozan
 Shōngith myaāny armaan kōt taam rozan
 Ti magroor sarmaayidaaran prūtshun chhum

Jamhooruk hishar aasi yas sholanaavun
 Avaamuk bajar aasi thazi shaayi thaavun
 Pazyaa shok tas advate nyëndri saavun
 Mazooras prūtshun kaashkaaras prūtshun chhum

Zaras bosh zardaaranūy raaj rozyaa
 Tsharyan lori kuṭnan saras taaj rozyaa
 Akis tsōr ta hur byaakh mōhtaaj rozyaa
 Vachhas pyaṭh khāsith taajdaaran prūtshun chhum

Chhi aki shaayi dolat ta hashmat ta raahat
 Ta bëyi shaayi nāny tan tsharyar phaaka gōrbat
 Chhi kami shaayi tim hyath kalamdaani gaārat
 Adeeban ta fankaar yaaran prūtshun chhum

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How long can the lid
On ideas remain?
How long is it possible
To anaesthetise the storm?
How long can you force
Yearnings to slumber?
O proud and rich, reply.

He who would establish
Democratic equality,
Build a dignified monument
To the greatness of the people,
Should he let his aim
Be trapped into slumber?
Reply, O ye my people.

The rule of the rich man,
The supremacy of wealth,
The crown on hollow sticks,
One man's surfeit with plenty,
Another's pain in want —
Can this remain for ever?
Wearers of crowns, reply.

Wealth and pride and comfort
Carousing on one side,
While poverty, nakedness, hunger and want
Stalk, not very far.
I ask you, with your ireful pens,
Poets and fellow artists,
Which camp is yours?

ZINDABAAD SHYAAMJEE

Tsè gòy naa kanan nòv gyavun baaji saane
Dahàry baaji sane

Thókukh kyaazi lar aḍ vate kyaazi traävùth
Chhè vunyi kaàm baaküy nyandür kyaazi praävùth
Dyututh khoon baagas phulay kona chhaävùth
Chhi nàv viz yivaan kona tsè ti aatshanaävùth
Karun yas pazyaa tas marun baaji saane
Dahàry baaji sane

Yi vanaham ti boozum
Khaṭīth chhaa? khabar chham
Khabar chham davaa daari baapath tsü loosukh
Khabar chham zi chhènyi haari baapath tsü loosukh
Dyututh zuv hyòtuth zaañh ti maa pat tsü loosukh
Iraadan navyan path karùth gath tsü loosukh
Tasalee mè chhum zinda chhukh baaji saane
Dahàry baaji sane

Tsü loosukh ta gav kyaah?
Shòngith naar rozyaa?
Tsü loosukh zitiny chaàny maa losi hargiz
Zitiny banyi tyambür braadi ma losi hargiz
Tyambür banyi tywongul braadi maa losi hargiz
Tywongul naar banyi braadi maa losi hargiz
Tavay nòv gyavun chhus gyavan baaji saane
Dahàry baaji sane

| | | | |
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ON THE DEATH OF A COMRADE

Comrade! My comrade!

Don't you hear the new and brave song
That we have learnt from you?

Tired? Why lie you down when the journey's not done?
Wherefore should you slumber when our work is just
begun?

Watered with your blood, won't you see the garden bloom?
Won't you wait for a new time's dawn that'll be soon?
Is it right for the architect of the future to assume
Death, my comrade?

Don't I hear what you would say?
Don't I know to what you were a prey?

Chill blasts of poverty made you fade before your noon;
You couldn't afford the cure, — and your sun set soon!
But even in the claws of death you remembered the
plighted troth;
To the flame of new resolves you played the happy moth!
You cannot die, for you are the beacon on our path
Forever, my comrade!

You are no more, — but what of that?
Can fire forever slumber?

You are no more, but your fiery emanation can never die!
It'll flower into a myriad sparks and grow, but never die!
Dead coals, infected, will glow and grow, but never die!
Coals blaze into a flaming fire and grow, but never die!
My lyre has caught this tune, my song this stirring theme
From you, my comrade!

Written on the death of Sham Lal Bakaya, a dedicated worker of
the Cultural Congress.

ME CHHAM AASH PAGAHÜCH

I

Mè chham aash pagahüch
Pagaah sholi duniyaah

Dôhas gaash huri gul ta gulzaar prazalan
Zameenas süsar lagi ta sabzaar prazalan
Vachhas manz humis lola phañvaar prazalan
Pagaah sholi duniyaah

Kazul laaganay me gatshan àchh kazaàlee
Vasyam dwod ta baba tēdy gatshan me vwozaàlee
Ta dahi vühüry dashahaar yiyi son saàlee
Pagaah sholi duniyaah

Kanan gatshi mè chaan myaan tsalyam vüy ta vaaye
Vachhas tal mè tséh tséh karyam aayi graaye
Laban losa kuñhisüy khasyam moola maaye
Pagaah sholi duniyaah

Hu bar tsürnyi taly kan thävith bozi lôt lôt
Ta tház kaär thaävith sü bëyi neri pôt pôt
Ta vanavun hyamas pôtra maälis yi sôt sôt
Pagaah sholi duniyaah

Yinam sädra pananyay vadav chhay mubaarak
Bü chhas pôtra maäj chhâtra boony phikri taarakh
Hyamakh kwochhi hyavüny az bü maa kēnh ti praarakh
Pagaah sholi duniyaah

Dapaan jang chhu vwothavun
Pagaah gôtsh na sapadun
Pagaah sholi duniyaah
Pagaah gôtsh na sapadun

MY HOPE OF TOMORROW

I

I dream of tomorrow
When the world will be beautiful!

O how bright the day, how green the grass!
Flowers paradisaal, earth aching with joy,
And dancing fountains of love in his breast!
The world will be beautiful!

A rare confluence of happy stars!
With my eyes sparkling without collyrium,
Rose-red nipples, breasts swelling with milk —
The world will be beautiful!

At the infant's first cry and sucking at my breasts,
My pains will change into a thrill of joy
And the walls of my room shine like gold.
The world will be beautiful!

Drinking in the glad sounds through a crack in the door,
He'll move out smiling, head proudly high,
While I sing softly to my baby's father.
The world will be beautiful!

Then friends will come, wishing me joy,
Each with a gift of money for the child,
While I, a proud mother, will display my treasure.
The world will be beautiful!

They say war is breaking out,
But surely not tomorrow
When the world will be beautiful!
It can't break out tomorrow!

II

Mè chham aash pagahùch
Pagaah vaada chhum tas

Bù dòh losanyan hyoo tharyan tshaayi praaras
Ta Heemaal zan lola tay maayi praaras
Gatshyas tser gam kyaah chhu be vaaya praaras
Pagaah vaada chhum tas

Su yiyi maayi mòt tshaayi hòl graayi maaran
Bù aasay tàmis maali kity posh tsaaran
Karyam kath bù roshas ta chhoo lagi ishaaran
Pagaah vaada chhum tas

Syaṭhaa hwoṅni ràtytan bù thava kaär bwon kun
Ta yèli dàly ràtyam tèli vùchhas ada àchhyan kun
Ràtyam naala ada òsh darun maa chhu mumkin
Pagaah vaada chhum tas

Thàvith kaär kwochhi manz dilùky daàdy baavas
Ta rwopa seena kee daag nazaraana thaavas
Prùtshas bù tsè kava laàjythas lola daavas
Pagaah vaada chhum tas

Vanyam dòh chhi nàzdeek tshòh maari yaavun
Chhu nàny paàṭhy asi lol haavun ta baavun
Pàtyum path chhu traavun ta nòv nechhanaavun
Pagaah vaada chhum tas

Dapaan jang chhu vwothavun
Pagaah gòtsh na sapadun
Pagaah vaada chhum tas
Pagaah gòtsh na sapadun

II

I dream of tomorrow
When I have a rendezvous!

When the soft dark comes, I'll be a Heemaal
Bursting with love, waiting behind the shrubs.
He may be late, but I will be Patience.
I have a rendezvous!

Then love's gait and footfall! He peers into every bush
And finds me gathering flowers for his garland.
He whispers my name, but I'm looking at the flowers.
I have a rendezvous!

He begs, he entreats, but I do not lift my head.
He clasps my knees and our eyes meet
And I am in his arms. Who can hold back my tears?
I have a rendezvous!

I pour out my woes, my head in his lap,
Show him love's scars on my silver-pure heart,
Ask him why he has enmeshed me thus.
I have a rendezvous!

Then his pledge that youth and joy will meet
And love no longer be fugitive.
The past is past, let's welcome the dawn.
I have a rendezvous!

They say war is breaking out,
But surely not tomorrow
When I have a rendezvous!
It can't break out tomorrow!

III

Mè chham aash pagahùch
Shuryan mol vaatyam

Yuthuy boza aalav tyuthuy bronṭha neras
Raṭan naala mati zora àndy àndy bû pheras
Nàvis taaza gaasas pyathûy jaay sheras
Shuryan mol vaatyam

Thàkith aasi aamut gwoḍany paad naavas
Ta mwoṭh dōg divaan vāly vālee nyëndūr paavas
Ta nakha chee gāṭhūr brōnh kanee nazri thaavas
Shuryan mol vaatyam

Gāṭhri manz nāvee gul ta gulzaar aasan
Mè chhiṭh jaani kana vaaji toomaar aasan
Habebas khatanhaāj kity dyaar aasan
Shuryan mol vaatyam

Ivūny eez kity āsy palav nāvy banaavav
Ta kacha pooty joraah ti kworbaan thaavav
Habas tsaata baajan shiriny baāgraavav
Shuryan mol vaatyam

Dapaan jang chhu vwothavun
Pagaah gōtsh na sapadun
Shuryan mol vaatyam
Pagaah gōtsh na sapadun

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III

I dream of tomorrow
When my husband is coming!

I'll run to the door when he calls my name
And, holding him tight, dance with delight.
Then I'll make him a nice, soft couch of grass.
My husband is coming!

He'll be footsore and weary; I'll wash his feet,
Rub tired limbs gently and lull him to sleep,
And keep the package he has brought home safe near his
bed.

My husband is coming!

The package is a garden of flowers for me —
Print for me, rings and pendants for Jaan
And money for dear Habib's circumcision.
My husband is coming!

We'll all have new clothes for the coming Id,
A couple of lambs for sacrifice
And sweets for all Habib's class-mates.
My husband is coming!

They say war is breaking out,
But surely not tomorrow
When my husband is coming!
It can't break out tomorrow!

DAL HAÄNZNI HÖND VATSUN

Taaza taaza më änymay ðalay hay
Hay vwolay hay vwolay hay vwolay hay
Phulayi vaaŋgan ta paärymi alay hay
Hay vwolay hay vwolay hay vwolay hay

Martsavaaŋgan ta vaaŋgan chhi byön byön
Mas malari hyoo vaaŋgun chhu byön byön
Naavi manz chhee karaan ðhwola ðhwolay hay
Hay vwolay hay vwolay hay vwolay hay

Taaza muji bödy chhi hili tshaayi zotan
Demba gwogjaah vwozüjy beeb khotan
Zan sangarmaalanüy läjy phulay hay
Hay vwolay hay vwolay hay vwolay hay

Hay tsë latsh pëny tul vwony syaþhaah chhuy
Draaganüy maäry kyaah dee tsë raah chhuy
Atha raþee yath talay hay tsalay hay
Hay vwolay hay vwolay hay vwolay hay

Kyaah vanay pätyimi brasvaari pyaayas
Zor aäsim na läþhy zora draayas
Dwoda hyaður trov më phari talay hay
Hay vwolay hay vwolay hay vwolay hay

Aaraaval chhöt su chhum vaata muj hyoo
Chhön ta nön tuüri höt sheena tuj hyoo
Ösh haraan aab zan pyaþh khyalay hay
Hay vwolay hay vwolay hay vwolay hay

Nasti pambuchhaah käarith maäly sund hyoo
Rempa buth zan lwokuþ maaji hönd hyoo
Lëmbi chhu pamposh phötmüt ðalay hay
Hay vwolay hay vwolay hay vwolay hay

Zan kanan chhum gatshaan shury vadun hyoo
Zan vachhas tal gatshaan chhum brütshun hyoo
Az më dëdy chham syaþhaah pöt kalay hay
Hay vwolay hay vwolay hay vwolay hay

SONG OF THE BOATWOMAN

I've brought them fresh from the lake —

Come buy! come buy! come buy!

Small brinjals and round big gourds —

Come buy! come buy! come buy!

My chillies and brinjals are lying in heaps.

And look at those big, wine-dark brinjals

Banging their heads in boisterous play!

Come buy! come buy! come buy!

Fresh radish gleaming in the shade of the weeds,

Marsh turnip blushing like a belle —

O my boat is like the flowering dawn!

Come buy! come buy! come buy!

Come, enough! I've given you enough now!

Remember, famine is stalking the land!

I go now. Will you help me lift this basket?

Come buy! come buy! come buy!

On Thursday last my child was born.

I've no strength, but had to totter forth,

Leaving behind the little baby.

Come buy! come buy! come buy!

White like white radish or wild jessamine;

Shivering naked, cold like a lump of ice,

With big tears in bulging eyes, like drops on lotus leaves —

Come buy! come buy! come buy!

His nose, like his father's, a lotus seed,

But his tiny face so like his mother's —

He's a lovely lotus springing from the lake mud!

Come buy! come buy! come buy!

I hear a baby crying;

Someone is whimpering at my breast!

O my good woman, my heart is not here!

Come buy! come buy! come buy!

SON VATAN

Son vatan posh hyoo
Taava hòt yaavun bahaaruk shaalamaaruk gosh hyoo
Navi poshaakuk bosh hyoo
Phwolavunuy pamposh hyoo
Son vatan lola seeran hònd shihul sarposh hyoo
Yaad pyomut osh hyoo

Asi vatan gulzaar hyoo
Zan buthis gindy gindy chhu khòtmur laalanüy
vwozajaar hyoo

Toshivun sabzaar hyoo
Son vatan navjavaanee hònd vushun khumaar hyoo
Baala paanuk yaar hyoo

Asi vatan àchhy gaash hyoo
Korimaàlis daji gàndith zan paas swonachee chaash hyoo
Poora gatshavüny aash hyoo
Dwod chavun praagaash hyoo
Gaama mòzryèni zan mângith ònmur chhu jigaruk kaash
hyoo

Yaavanüch ginda baash hyoo

Asi vatan rut gaam hyoo
Thal ruvith zan bonyi shihlis gruüstis aaraam hyoo
Dal dahis pyath shaam hyoo
Aadanuk baadaam hyoo
Trela hyath yàtskaàly vòthmur gaama pyatha zan
maam hyoo

Maaji hònd mwomadaam hyoo

Asi vatan jaamvaar hyoo
Öngji pùtsanith sùtsni taly kòd twopagaryav gulzaar hyoo
Reeshamuk shéhajaar hyoo
Tosa anzüly daar hyoo
Doony hachi pyath tworka chhaány khònmur chhu
zan lwokachhaar hyoo
Aasanuk amaar hyoo

OUR MOTHERLAND

Our motherland —

A flower

The lusty prime of spring

A bower in Shalamar

Ardour of young innocence

Excitement of new clothes

Lovers uniting after a quarrel

A lotus in full bloom

Memory of one's love

A habitat of flowers

Children's cheeks flushed with joy

Delightful greenery

The drunkenness of youth

First love

The light of one's eyes

Pure gold for one's daughter

Hope nearing fulfilment

Infant dawn

Joy of the peasant woman adopting a child

The wild abandon of youth

A lovely village

Peasant's siesta after hard toil

An evening on the Dal Lake

A green almond

A long absent uncle arriving from the village
with a gift of apples

Sweetness flowing from mother's breasts

Softest wool

Garden conjured up by the embroiderer's needle

The cool feel of silk

A broad-bordered shawl

Youth carved on the walnut wood

The vision of plenty

Àsy chhi vatanúky raächhdar
Lal Dyedi hãnz aavaaz hyath
Haba Khotooni yus laluvmut lwoli andar suy saaz hyath
Àsy chhi az nõv saaz hyath
Sonta vaavuk bolavun may khwosh módur andaaz hyath

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We are her sentinels.
With the voice of Laldyad ringing in our ears,
The fire of Habba Khotan glowing in our hearts,
And with new music we stand today —
With sweet songs that sing on the lips of the spring breeze!

a long absent uncle — In Kashmir, whenever an uncle comes from a village, he brings a bag full of apples and other fruit for the children, for whom his arrival is a great joy.

Lad Dyad — Kashmir's first and greatest mystical poet.

Habba Khotan — the first great lyrical poet, a peasant girl from Pampur who became the consort of King Yusuf Shah Chak (16th century).

TSE CHHEE NAA YAAD TIM DÒH

Tsè chhee naa lola myaane yaad tim dòh
 Gindaan os son yaavun 'tsoori tsoore'
 Vuchhaan aasy akh akis àsy doori doore
 Karaan aasy kaala pagahùch sùts baraan dòh
 Na aasun krooth pyav haaras kòrun pòh
 Chhénith pan pyav bahaaras laavi moore
 Magar vunyi tsong loluk saani zoore
 Chhu vuzavaan gaash gaṭakaaras karaan tòh
 Amee aki gaashi lüyi thàv aash myaānee
 Pakaan gav kaāfilaah saane amaaruk
 Amaaran lājy phulay nòv sont vwotalyav
 Gulaalav phwolana vizi ràṭ traay chaānee
 Chhu vwosh chon khwosh havaa saane bahaaruk
 Nāvis samayas chhu chonuy nek partav

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DON'T YOU REMEMBER THOSE DAYS?

Don't you, my sweetheart remember those days
Of our young love, when we played hide and seek,
And our eyes spoke as we stole furtive glances?
O what excitement and what plans for every morrow!
Fell grief came stalking in since I was poor.
Green leaves on the tender branch decayed and fell
In spring time. Bright June into chill December turned.
But the lamp of love we lighted on our sconce
Still blazes bright, making darkness dissolve.
This shaft of love has kept alive my hope.
When I moved with the moving caravan of world love,
A new spring dawned, love blossoming everywhere.
Tulips in bloom were so like you in bloom.
Your sighs are the gentle breezes of our spring,
And the new times bask in the radiance of your light.

ZOON KHÀTS TSÒT HISH

Dôha aki kôha pätý zoon khàts tsòt hish
 Naalas tshenymùtsa tanyi vatsha traävith
 Rwopa tanyi hanyi hanyi daag nányiraävith
 Pana pana gàmùts pompüry pòt hish
 Zoon khàts tsòt hish thàchmùts gòt hish
 Zan mòzaryèni kas taam tshala raävith
 Thekadaran äky thäv pusharaävith
 Phuṭavaätis suuty rwopayaah khòt hish
 Zoon khàts tsòt hish bwochhi lájy baalan
 Öbran hyàts bèyi gäjy tshèvaraavüny
 Vana viginyav pyòv zan vwotha daanas
 Bata kuly zan kháty sangarmaalan
 Mè ti hêts phaaka phàris shèchh baavüny
 Achh phiry phiry vuchh mè ti asmaanas

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THE MOON

The moon rose from behind the mountain,
Dressed in worn-out, threadbare, Pampur tweed;
Open collar with frayed bands revealing
Sad dark stains on silver-white skin;
With a face like a big round loaf of bread;
Dull like a false rupee a contractor
Gives some ignorant woman labourer
By guile, mixed with other coins.
The moon a loaf, and the mountains hungry!
The clouds put out again their kitchen fires,
But the forest fairies lit their stoves
And rice seemed to grow on mountain peaks.
I gave the glad news to my starving belly
And gazed with all eyes at the hopeful sky.

Pampur tweed — Pampur was famous for the best tweed woven in
Kashmir.

SUBADAM

Kunuy zòn yàts chhu paratshyòn gaasha taaruk
 Māshit gomut chhu shaayad kaaravaanas
 Chhu lōgmüt laāry kiny bechaara daaruk
 Panūny tshaaraan divaan vāny aasmaanas
 Gulaalan vuchh ta seenas gav tāmīs daag
 Pathar shabnam bānyith volun dar aagosh
 Zameenan duaa kōrus nāvnas kunis baag
 Tharyan dukaveri pēy ʈooryan thanay posh
 Nabas pyaṭh os kun bwon vōth syaṭhaa gav
 Khwochar thazaruk tsōlus milatsaarasūy manz
 Gulan manz gul ta lavi manz mwokhta sapadyav
 Hayaatuk pay lōbun gulzaarasūy manz
 Avaamas suūty yas gav myul sū brōñh pōk
 Bēdun yus rood mānzilas vaatanay thōk

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MORNING

Alone, the morning star is truly forlorn.
Left behind by the shining caravan,
The poor sojourner has lost his way
And scans the sky for his comrades.
The tulip, pitying his plight, dragged him down
Into her lap in the form of dew;
Bounteous earth blessed him with increase;
Buds on bushes blossomed in twins.
Alone in the sky, coming down he became many;
Happy comradeship cured the false pride of height.
A flower among flowers, and pearl in the breeze —
The garden taught him the great secret of life.
Erase your ego, and you move forward with the many;
In isolation a bleak death crowns a pointless life.

AMAN APEELI PYATH DASKHAT

Mè döpmas kaagadas pyaṭh kar tsü daskhat
Achhan kun tas vuchhum kyaaktaam sapdum

Tasünza tima chashma phölymüty hee vāthür zan
Yambürzala bömbra rös begaash joraah
Divaan sädras chhi vāny aakaash joraah
Dwoday pyaalan apüz khätsmüts chhi thur zan

Chhatis pamposhasüy zaamüty göbar zan
Pragaashas zan kapütymüty kaash joraah
Sangarmaalan hānzay ginda baash joraah
Kōhas pyaṭh naaga pwokharyan manz öbur zan

Muday gāndith chhi praaraan zan pragaashas
Tshandaan mwoniphāly chhi pyavanis shabnamas manz
Vuphaan zan laava häty aalamas manz
Zütsan hāndy paäṭhy doraan zan chhi raashas

Mè döpmas kaagadas pyaṭh kar tsü daskhat
Vuṭhan pyaṭh vasnyi lög maāsum asun tas
Hyötun ṭaaryan andar zan yup khasun tas
Kalam saaraan vaaraah ösh rötun path

Magar buthy phiry zü phëry ṭaaryan khasnyi lägy
Mwolüly durdaana zan dukaveri zaamüty
Chhi nooras vuchhnyi baagas ṭoory draamüty
Gagus trovukh ächhar vaalan asnyi lägy

Mwochhe manz atha räṭith vönnam yi löt löt
Sadaah värishe ächhan hönd gaash rovim
Vachhe talakuy mè jigaruk kaash rovim
Bamav golav mè kórham yaavanas söt
Vadun säry pëṭhy mè gav vwoñy vadana hargiz

Ächar vaalav dünan dits äsh phëryan dwon
Pathar pëyi kaagadas pyaṭh mwokhta lar zan
Hökhith gäy rwopa pätis pyaṭh swona achhar zan
Chhi amanas räächh vünyi tim shola maaraan

SIGNATURE ON THE PEACE APPEAL

I said, 'Sign on this paper.'

But when I looked into her eyes, I felt a stab of pain.

Those lightless eyes, two petals of blossoming jessamine,
Two narcissi unvisited by bees,
Cloudless skies scanning the placid lake,
Empty froth on two cups of milk,

Twin infants of a white lotus,
Two slices cut from the earliest dawn,
Two peaks laughing in the morning light,
Two clouds nestling in mountain springs,

Gazed, as if waiting for the dawn,
Or looking for pearls in the morning dew,
Or, taking flight from this dark world
Like dancing sparks in an upward blaze.

I said, 'Sign on this paper.'

An innocent smile played upon her lips,

But floods gathered in her eyes.

Groping for the pen, she held them back,

But two obstinate tears rolled out —

Two precious pearls,

Two buds burst forth to greet the light —

And swung on the eyelashes and laughed.

Taking my hand in hers, she whispered,

'It's war that snatched my infant child,

My life's bloom, the light of my eyes!

But I've steeled myself to live again.'

The trembling tears, shaken off by the eyelashes,

Dropped like pearls on the paper,

And dried up like golden writing on a silver plate —

To remain for ever two vigilant guardians of peace.

LAKHCHUN

Lakhchi chhu lakhchun

Bumi hânzi sumi tal

Siriyi prazalvun

Zan Naâgyraayas

Yaari âkis tal

Manka chhu môthmut

Balapooris tshaaraan Heemaal

Nata aasmaanas rwonyi daamaanas

Öbras kwochhi kyath sangarmaal

Lakhchi chhu lakhchun

Hwonji hânzi lanji pyaṭh

Mwokhta prazalvun

Zan Mâjloonas Nâjda vanas manz

Khaab chhu aamut

Laâl chhi praaraan ṭhari dith baal

Nata zan raâts chhu buthi pyaṭha tulmut

Shabnam tath chhu banyomut khaal

Lakhchi chhu lakhchun

Dyaka kuy ṭika zan

Taaph prazalvun

Sangal deepûchi rwonyi padmaane

Praagaashan dyaka myooṭh chhu dyutmut

Noorjahaanaa hoor misaal

Nata zan haranan kwola saras kun

Vana pyaṭha neemûts tshyaph dith tshaal

Lakhchi chhu lakhchun

Ath chhuna mwolavun

Laal prazalvun

Guli laalas zan

Chhwokalad vachhakuy

THE MOLE

Lakhchi's mole
Below the parting of brows
Is like the radiant sun,
Or the gleaming jewel
Naagyraay left
Under a pine
On his way to Balapur to meet Heemaal,
Or bright bells pendent in the sky's border,
Or dawn nestling in the lap of clouds.

Lakhchi's mole
On a branch
Of her flowering face
Shines like a pearl,
Like Majnu's dream
In the desert of Najd
Of Leila waiting behind the hill,
Or like the essence of the crystalline dew
Which the night has removed from her face.

She has a mole
On her forehead
Like a beauty mark
Scattering sunshine;
Like beauteous princess
Of Sangal Deep
Kissed on the forehead by bright dawn;
Or Noor Jehan, beauty without compeer;
Or a timorous deer from the edge of the wood
Bounding all of a sudden to Kola Sar.

She has a mole
Priceless
A shining ruby,
Or the darksome stain
In the wounded heart

Daag vwozum hyöt
 Dakalad zoonye
 Gaashas gaṭa hish naālee naal
 Nata shafkan kār shaamūchi tshaaye
 Kaptith pātaryan bindaryan maal

Lakhchi chhu lakhchun
 Hanga talakanya kuy
 Door prazalvun
 Harmwokha pyaṭha che
 Prēnyi shinamaanye
 Vuzamali zan vūny
 Bosa chhu kōrmūt
 Bōmbaras praaraan swondarmaal
 Nata zan vana sūy manz Seetaaye
 Āsh ḍal aamut maalaamaal

Lakhchi chhu lakhchun
 Shaah ragi hyōr kun
 Lol prazalvun
 Zan dēdi myaanye
 Vachha tala rōchhmut
 Mwoni phōl āchh hōnd
 Chhēnyi mōhbata suūty ōnmūt maal
 Nata aki gārbēnyi kana manza tsaārith
 Phali phali tujmūts lēji kits tsaal

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Of the tulip, borrowed
By the jilted moon;
Light and darkness in close embrace;
Or dusk making a garland
Of pieces cut from the evening's shadows.

She has a mole
Below the temple,
An earring glowing
Like the kiss of lightning
On the spotless snows
Of Harmukh Glacier;
A maiden glowing before the love tryst;
Or in the lonely forest, Sita's eyes
Brimming over with tears like lakes.

She has a mole
Above her artery
Pulsating love,
As if a mother
Nursed in her heart
The jewel of her eyes,
Whom she rears with love alone;
Joy of the poor woman who has gleaned from husk
Grain by grain, a handful of rice.

the gleaming jewel Naagyraay left — It is believed that all kings
of the Nagas (cobras) had a gleaming jewel in their heads.
Naagyraay would leave his jewel under a pine before assuming
human form to meet his beloved, Heemaal.
Najd — the desert in which the lover Majnu roamed as a mad man.
Harmukh Glacier — in Kashmir.

AADANUK POSH

Vaari vuchhum kun poshaa phôlmut shokh gulaalaa paaraa
hyoo

Dilasûy zan vushaneraa phyoorum chëshman pyom
shêhjaaraa hyoo

Môt yaavun zan pôt aam pheerith haavasanûy zan
shaahphyur gom
Dwosi pyaṭh vési suûty tshyaph dith aamut katha
karane lwokachaaraa hyoo

Hôchhmûtsi kaanûji lari phyur zan dyut dramanan kôr
bèyi zuvanuk sanz
Zan draav buji Kujidèdi kun zenânyi gôbraa tankhaadaraa
hyoo

Samayûchi hwonji zan lakhchun prazalyav chamanan
zan râṭ sontas say
Chilay kalaanuk taapa dôhaa akh maagas baasyom
haaraa hyoo

Havahas zan lâjy maânzaa paadan tshaṭi trov lôṭ
maaharènyi raftaar
Hardazadas gulzaaras zan gônḍ pyètran ranga dastaaraa
hyoo

Muday gâṇdith mè thali thali vuchhmas dôpmas nâvinay
kunisûy baag
Daagaah hyath būti zindagee sulavaan tsèti daadyuk
izhaaraa hyoo

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THE FIRST FLOWER

I saw a bright red tulip flower,
The only one in bloom.
It gave my heart a warmth, while cool
Sensations laved my eyes.

Drunken youth came back to me,
Reviving desires forgotten;
Childhood stole to the garden wall
To whisper to her friend.

The withered grass too stirred with life,
The lawn planned life again
Like a poor old mother who proudly sees
Her son start earning a living.

The beauty spot on Time's face glowed
With this earnest of the spring;
A sunny day in dreary midwinter
Turned December into June.

The air put henna on her feet,
The wind paced softly like a bride;
The autumn-blighted rose garden appeared
Like a bridegroom with a turban his uncle has tied.

I gazed and said, 'O solitary flower,
May your garden bloom!
I pass my days nursing a pain,
And you too embody a pain.'

turban — among Kashmiri Pandits, the bridegroom's turban is
always tied by his uncle.

NAABAD TA TYATHAVYAN

Bijlee bati ándy ándy mähý joraa
 Veegis pyaṭh maharény maharaaza
 Huth kuly shihilis tal Tekabaṭany
 Vuny draamüts vöby kiny choka livith
 Kastaany saály vudini ándüry guma ðäly
 Sumbal mushkan dârichas daka dyut
 Manzgaami chhu phölmüt tsandan kul
 Neelis pardas vâtsh thatharaayaa
 Kalpataraa maa shraanas draamüts
 Guldaanas manz dwon ṭooryan pyaṭh
 Dwon sarphan hõnd aakaaraa hyoo
 Ándy pákhy sódaraa Sheeshenaagas
 Pamphoshas thana pyomut Bramaa
 Bungüryan gav chhwony chhwony aána ándüry
 Mè chhu baasaan raäts hánza baah aasan
 Huth parḍas pàty kiny katha kath hish
 Dwoshavüy daaryav kiny áchh joraah
 Kaätsaah baji kaätsaah maayi bârith
 Mudayaah vuṭha kumajaaraah gilanaah
 Reeshüm reeshüm narmee narmee
 Khûra patji chhi vâtshmüts sheena maányaa
 Boonyaa bajaraa bëyi shéhajaaraa
 Sarvaa syazaraa bëyi vwonatsaaraa
 Swonachicharan vuph tujoy arshas khõt
 Dyava minyimari vwoṭh laáy hûka naaras
 Kuntée maa Karanan aalav dyut
 Nigiye manz shaayad shur thana pyav
 Áchh tovor labi pyaṭh tasveeran
 Mózryèni kâr dahi dôhy ruünyis kath
 Tsandaram loosith nêhagaṭi andar
 Chhõt rakh laágith Mariyam lôt lôt
 Humi kôha daamüny gâyi tshyaph dith kôt

THE BITTER AND THE SWEET

Two moths gyrating round a lamp.
Bride and bridegroom on the *vyoog*.
What compulsion brought her to that tree's shade?
Having swabbed the kitchen, Teka Baṭany
Has just appeared at the ventilator.
Some belle, perspiring under her shawl,
Fear and fire consuming her,
As hyacinth fragrance pushes the window.
In Manzgam the sandal tree has blossomed.
The blue curtain is all a-flutter —
Perhaps Cleopatra's moving towards her bath.
Twin buds in a flower vase
Poised to strike like hooded snakes.
Sheshanag in his ocean home.
Brahma born of a lotus flower.
Sound of bangles and whispered speech
Behind that curtain in that room.
I think it's now the middle of the night.
A pair of eyes behind the window panes —
O how big and how passionate!
Devouring gaze, hungry lips, toss of the head!
Smooth silk with softness irresistible —
An avalanche is sliding down that slope!
How big and cool the bulging chenar
And how straight and lofty the cypress!
The monal shot upwards with wingèd speed
And, like a fawn, leapt into the glen.
Convulsed with rage, Karana shouting at Kunti!
In that manger, a child is born!
Frowning look in the pictures on the wall!
The worker's wife talks to her husband
Breaking ten days' ice.
After the setting of the moon, in pitch dark,
Where has Mary, draped in white, with soft
And furtive gait, gone round that hill?

Sahras buthisüy vwoshalüny khaaraa
 Kana téhji chhi vwozlemütsa öbras
 Chhala chaangür gäyi vaavas zulfan
 Kachh sorüy gav guma sary baagas
 Hèri bwona aävij zaävij hee thàr
 Manzbaagan thazaraa vwozajaaraa
 Naabad tyathavyan tyathavyan naabad
 Pächy Shikuntalaa bëyi maalyun kun

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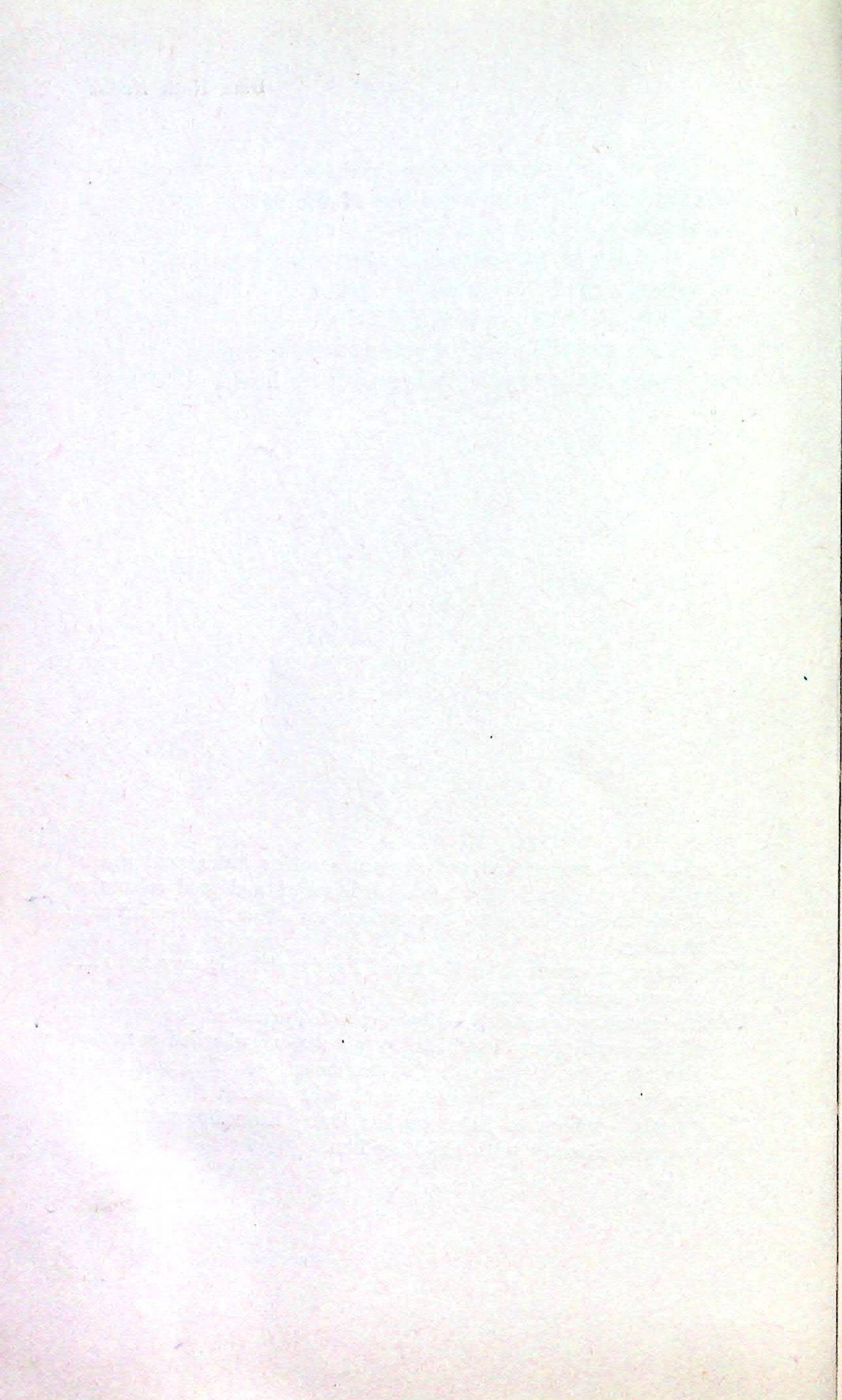
The face of the dawn is hectic red,
The clouds blushing to the lobes of the ears,
The winds with dishevelled hair
And all grass in the garden soaked with sweat.
The tender, graceful jessamine plant
Is slightly bulging in the middle.
The bitter and the sweet are woven fine.
Shakuntala moves again to her father's home.

moths — This image does not suggest sacrifice but sexual urge.
vyoog — a circle, gaily decorated with pastel and mud colours on
which the bride joins the bridegroom at a Kashmiri Pandit
wedding.

Teka Baṭany — name of a Kashmiri Pandit girl. It may not refer
to any specific person.

Karana shouting at Kunti — the rage of Karana at the revelation
of the truth about his birth by his mother who had abandoned
him when he was born before her marriage. She now wanted
him to desert the Kauravas and fight against them.

Shakuntala — who was jilted by her lover, King Dushyanta, when
she was already with child by him.



NOOR MOHAMMAD ROSHAN

b. 1919

Born at Khanayar, Srinagar. Surname originally Kaul. Came under the influence of the progressive writers even before he passed the B A examination. Was one of the first to join the Cultural Congress. Translated Munshi Prem Chand's *Godaan* into Kashmiri. Stopped writing poetry altogether in 1960. Has now set up a silk factory in Srinagar.

SHAHEED SÛNZ MAĀJ

Magar chham khabar gēny dyakas kyaazi khaārūth
 Buman chaar dith zan kamaan kyaazi chaārūth
 Vūchhith haal myonuy dōguny kaār maārūth
 Mē kath chham amich graav yi van baagvaanan
 Timan yim na vaadas vwofaa poor zaanan
 Tsyatas paāvy paāvy yim na zaañh myon maanan
 Yōhōy daag laalas chhu naa laala myaane
 Jigar paara myaane ta āchh gaash myaane
 Chhasay maāj aamūts shaheedo salaame

Vanay kyaah vatan aḍvātis vaatanaāvith
 Vatan pyaṭh shaheedan hōnduy khoon traāvith
 Bihith praāny konoon roody shaana thaāvith
 Na zonukh manzil maa chhu dooris mukaamas
 Na zonukh vatan maa chhu manz girdiaabas
 Phirūkh thar ta roody dola zan kaaravaanas
 Rōngukh buth ta az aay thazar haavane
 Bajar haāvy haāvy posh chhākaraavane

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THE MARTYR'S MOTHER

(at his grave)

I know why you have raised your brows,
Arching them like a bow drawn tight.
On seeing my plight, you've bent your head.
But ask your friends to explain — not me!
They are lavish with promises that have never been kept.
I've reminded them often, but they never listened to me.
That's my grief, my son, the light of my eyes!
O martyr! your mother has come to salute you!

While there was many a mile to go
And the road still wet with the martyrs' blood,
They rested, using old laws as pillows.
They forgot the distant goal,
The motherland caught in the whirlpool,
And turned their back on the caravan.
With painted grief they've come today,
Offering flowers — not to salute you, my son,
But to show how great they are!

martyr — one of those killed in the first uprising on 13 July, 1931.

Yuthuy baala pèthy sonta vaavan tarun hyòt
 Vâṭith ôbranûy duṭṭanûy taah karun hyòt
 Naban neejaraah neela krenkuk harun hyòt
 Siree asani lôg doori tentaali pâty kiny
 Sangarmaali zan hoori aàrak hêtin yiny
 Hyâtsûn daamanas tal vuzûny joyinûy diny
 Yi vuchh aaraavûy draay thapi thaari laaraan
 Palav pèthy dwodas zan ti chhwokh aàsy khaaraan
 Dyakas meethy dee dee vanan aabshaaran
 Panun maary mòt az bahaaraah chhu aamut

Yi boozith chhamban chharinûy drùh ḍyakas tsâjy
 Vanan vaarinûy zan ti sūsaraay hish lâjy
 Yambûrzal ta mâtṣ masvalaah baagasûy phôjy
 Yi zan maârymânz vaâryvûy haâr aamûts
 Hayaah vyâts thâvith bwon kunuy kaâr aamûts
 Bârith sworma ṭaaryan chhi achhidaâr aamûts
 Yuthuy chashma mutsryan vuchhun laala aamut
 Su mastaana sumbal chhu kami haala aamut
 Madanvaar hyoo zan ta phirasaala aamut
 Vanaan maayi myaane bahaaraah chhu aamut

Phwolaan asavûne chaanṭi baaman yivaan gâý
 Yimay dwodahyaḍar hee thana zan pyavaan gâý
 Ta shòd sheer zan dwodji praatsav chavaan gâý
 Su sabzaar baagas andar os zaamut
 Sabaz pomburaah hish vâlith os aamut
 Phulay chhaavane zan khwojaah os draamut
 Râṭith naala vaavas gindaan zan ishaaran
 Dûnan poshi kulinûy divaan os dyaaran
 Chavaan shabnamuk mas vanaan os yaaran
 Su durdaana dilbar bahaarah chhu aamut

Vuchhum baagasûy az nôvuy rosh hyoo os
 Thari pyaṭh yi zan phwolavunuy posh hyoo os
 Yi zan maaḍi kwochhi manz jigar gosh hyoo os

SPRING

When the spring breeze crossed over the mountain,
The clouds packed up their dull grey shawls;
The sky turned blue as a sapphire;
The sun laughed from behind the distant peaks;
The mountain snow perspired like a bashful nymph in
confusion,

Giving birth under her mantle to infant rills.
Beholding this, streams leapt wildly forth,
Bounding over rocks like churned, foaming milk,
And kissing on the forehead the waterfalls,
They cried, 'Our darling spring has come!'

The wrinkled brow of the earth got smoothened
And a wild thrill ran through woods and farms;
The narcissus and the iris blossomed;
The mynah, with her neck arched coyly —
Like one returning from an urgent love tryst —
Opened her collyrium-sparkling eyes.
She saw the tulip already arrived,
And the youthful hyacinth, beautiful as a bridegroom,
Who said, 'My darling spring has come!'

Then blossoming buds arrived in flocks
With smiling mouths like tender, nascent mushrooms,
Or tiny babes replete at mothers' breasts;
Young blades of grass shot forth, and the earth,
Like a *khawaja* in a light green shawl
With his eyes laved with Nature's living hues,
Held the breeze in a tight embrace,
And drunk with the dew and the blossoming boughs
'Behold!' she said, 'My darling spring!'

Nature is not the same today.
The single, new-born flower on the bough
Is like a precious infant in its mother's arms;

Chhu yàtskaäly az bonyi sabzaar aamut
 Buḍith naanyi zan bëyi su lwokachaar aamut
 Yi zan saayi sarakuy ta shëhajaar aamut
 Rangith jaama vwozalee chhu gulilaala toshan
 Baraan navjavaanee hõnduy josh poshan
 Vuchhith bulbulaah zan gyavaan os Roshan
 Më az lola vatnas bahaaraah chhu aamut

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Like youth revisiting an old grandmother
Is the ancient chenar's pubescent green —
O what green shield and what green shade!
The tulip, frolicking in a bright red dress,
Infects the flowers with the joy of life.
And Roshan like a bulbul sings in ecstasy,
'I've found a blazing bright fire today,
For spring has returned to my world of love.'

TUKH

Vuchhum pamposhisüy aàs paatikee paaṭhy valna
aamüts hil
 Yi zan aàs baala paanay haala kamitaany zaala lājymüts
gil
 Mè zon zaāhir khabar kām̄y zaālīman zolaana kàrymüty
chhis
 Pato ðyoothum gōmut os zulfanüy mánz band yi myonuy
dil

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Raboodaah hyoo gōmut Iblees pheraan os aasmaanas
 Zameen traāvith khōtukh kava yor pruthshus yēli zaati
Rahmaanān
 Araz kōrnas Ilaāhi chhapnyi aas yōt kaan̄panyomut chhus
 Mè soruy kaari shetaāni muhit nyoomut chhu insaanān

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QUATRAINS

I saw a lovely lotus flower, with silken weeds round
Like a girl in youthful bloom caught in a web of it coiled,
I thought perhaps some tyrant had caught it in its snare — circumstance.
But I found it was my own heart enmeshed in lovely tresses.

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Seeing Satan roaming in the heavens, breathless and
God said, 'Why come up here, when your work is down aghast,
He pleaded, 'God, I've come to hide! I'm stunned by below?'
For man has mastered all my art — there's nothing left what I see,
for me.'



GHULAM NABI FIRAQ

b. 1922

Born at Srinagar. Orphaned at an early age. Passed the B A examination in 1947. Worked first as a school teacher and later as librarian in S P College, Srinagar. Passed the M A examination in English and appointed lecturer in the same college in 1949. Started writing in Urdu in 1947. His first Kashmiri poem, *Kāsheer*, appeared in *Kwong Posh*. Became an intimate friend of Abdul Rahman Rahi and both published their poems together under the title *Yim saány aalav*. In his first phase, strongly influenced by socialism. Joined the Communist Party in 1953. Worked enthusiastically to popularise Kashmiri as the cultural medium. Organized with Rahi, Kamil and Pran Kishore the Kashmir Cultural Centre. Translated numerous English and Persian poems into Kashmiri. Attempted unrhymed and free verse. Has also written critical essays. Literay influences: Firaq Gorakhpuri and the English Romantic poets.

SUBAAH

Taarakan shak gav chhu kastaam aav aav tim tsoori roody
 Aasmaanan log zaavyul reeshmee shafkuk libaas
 Raats lôtsaraavy jaanavaaran țaary gáy bedaar tim
 Shraan karne ɖal dahis kun aav laaraan aabshaar
 Bulbulav hyety zeero bam chaarith gyavüny nävy nävy

gazel

Nyëndri vòthithüy laàgy sangarmaali zarbaafüky palav
 Shabnamaah lög mwokhtaphöty baagas andar

chhákraavane

Poshi țooryav hyót barun bevaayi suy halman tswopaary
 Khwosh havaavan naafa mól badanas ta mushküny daar
 vätsh

Aaftaabas sòdra khwonyi manz aana vuchhanuk shok gav
 Paan paàraävith tavay khòt baala daamüny shoka saan

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MORNING

The stars hid themselves, feeling some one was soon
arriving,
But the sky draped itself in fine robes of silken dawn;
The birds woke up, for the night had gently
rubbed their heavy eyes;
Tumbling in haste, the waterfall rushed to bathe in
the lake;
Tuning their lyres, the bulbuls began to sing new songs;
The eastern peaks on waking up dressed themselves in
brocade;
The dew started scattering basketfuls of pearls
Which flower buds everywhere gathered in their robes;
Musk-anointed soft breeze filled the air with fragrance;
And eager to see his face reflected in the mirror of the
mountain lake,
The sun in all his splendour climbed the hill with joy.

BULBULAS KUN

Ajeebûy tsü chhukh bulbulo jaanavaaraah
Bêkhabree andar aalavaah shokh loyuth
Yi dil saada dil myon phalavaây kôrthan
Tsihis manz tsê badlovthan myon duniyaah
Gulav bulbulâv sonta sabzaara bôrthan

Bû osus phiraan pron yonaâny draamaa
Panun paan mâshrith panun shok chaavaan
Paraan zindagee hânz môdûr badshaah kath
Kithâny nyaay nâvy nâvy vwothaan nyaay saavaan

Kulis tal rwophûy rwoph chhu yus hêri tay bwon
Tsê mizraab loyuth phulay hyâts mê chhaavûny
Dilan çora dyut shokachyan gaânça beran
Baahaaras chhu aazat nazar raavaraavûny

Vuchhum siriyi prazlaan neelis nabas pyaþh
Hanaa door prôn sheen hyoo ôbra langaah
Bû zan tsaas mahboob hyath vâshy akis manz
Khôtus laânki pyaþh dwon çalan tulni mojaah

Achaanak kuþhis bar mutsur myaâny yaaran
Mê khaabûy vuðith gav bû bedaar sapdus
Turûny sheena tshaþh tsaayi zan hamla aavar
Lobum paan tâtithûy yâtyath vuny bû osus

Kuþhis manz bû chhus daari darvaaza trôparith
Shishar gaânça prath tarpha zan sheesha prazlaan
Nabas az ti tsaadar vâlith kaala ôbrûch
Turun vaav dwodamaaji hònd yaad paavaan

Kunuy bonyi vâthraa chhu yath bonyi shaakhas
Bêhyas laash zan phaañsi kooþis avezaan
Panun mad panun dôh panun shaan maagas
Bêbis manz bârith naara kaangûr chhi haanaan

Ajeebûy tsü chhukh bulbulo jaanavaaraah
Karaamat karaan chaâny madumaâty aalav
Hamaakat magar chon êhsaan mâshrun
Vandas manz bû phiranovthas poshi margav.

TO THE BULBUL

O bulbul, strange bird!
Your loud call was so very sudden
That my sad heart gave one wild leap,
For in a flash my world was quite transformed —
Full of roses, bulbuls and spring verdure.

I had been reading a Greek play,
My mind absorbed, my fancy feeding
On a king's story, so true to life,
Where new strife treads on the heels of the old.

Though silver lay on the tree and around,
When you struck your harp, blossoms came
And my wingèd fancy soared to heaven —
Spring often does bewitch one's eyes.

The sun shone bright in an azure sky;
A snow-white cloud sailed, not very far.
We stood, enraptured, gazing at the lake,
My love and I, in an island bower.

Suddenly some one knocked at the door.
Fled was the dream and I was awake.
A cold gust rushed in like a raider,
And back I was where I had been.

I have fastened doors and windows;
Icicles on all sides sparkle like glass;
A black cloud blanket wraps up the sky;
A chill wind pierces the marrow of my bones.

The last chenar leaf on the branch
Hangs withered and lifeless like a corpse.
Drunk with power, Midwinter has his day.
Even the fire pot we cling to is cold.

You are a strange bird, O bulbul!
How can I forget that in dreary midwinter
You made me roam in flowering meadows?

MOHAMMAD AMIN KAMIL

b. 1924

Born at Srinagar. Passed the B A examination from S P College, Srinagar. Obtained the degree in law from the Aligarh University. Worked for some time as lecturer in Urdu in S P. College, Srinagar. Later, practised as a lawyer in Srinagar. Now, editor, Urdu-Kashmiri section in the Cultural Academy, and also on the editorial board of the Kashmiri Dictionary, which is under preparation. Has published *Mas Malur*, *Lava ta Prava*, *Bèyi Suy Paan*, *Gaṭi Manz Gaash* (a novel), *Kathi Manza Kath* (short stories), *Soofee Shaâyir* (a collection of Kashmiri mystical verse in 3 vols) and *Noor Naama* (the poems of Nundaryôsh). Was given the Sahitya Akademi Award for Kashmiri poetry for his *Lava ta Prava*.

GUL-I-LAALA

Guli laala phólith aay vanan manz ta ðalan manz
 Pyav shòhra tswovaapaàry yi baagan ta khalan manz
 Kumiran ta jalan manz

Kòr zool yi zan maaga bàchith sohta bahaaran
 Dyut aashkav rang yaavanuk zan lola amaaran
 Betaab ishaaran

Guli laala zan mas pyaala bàrith thovmut kalavaàly
 Yaa greesy kàtaah lochh vwozul naar tshùnith naàly
 Ya sholavùny mashaàly

Zan ðooly aamùts kori maàlis kaharanüy hândy dàsy
 Ya òpi han vati pyaṭh vwozùjy pemùts chhi shuris vâsy
 Vaatùny yi gâtsh bëyi tasy

Chyath jaami shahaadat chhu zan Sharwaàny su valaveer
 Hénzyaani vuchhith ànzini hòṭaa zan chhu Rasul Meer
 Pur josh duaageer

Zan maahrènya vwoshalemùtsüy ðeeshith panun khaavand
 Ya baàzygaran naara reh kàrmùts chhi nazarband
 Ya laali Samarkand

Zan kaartikchi zooni buthis pyaṭh chhu siyaah khaal

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TULIPS IN BLOOM

Tulips are in bloom in meadows and on river banks:
Is spring going gay
At deliverance from winter's icy clutches?
Or have lovers dyed in the bright hues of youth
Their passionate sighs and longings?

The tulip is like a cup brimful with wine,
A peasant lass in a bright red gown,
A flaming torch,
A golden palanquin brought by bearers for one's daughter,
A red cap left on the road by a child
(O forgetful child, now sobbing wild!)
Sherwani, brave martyr, dyed in crimson,
A Rasul Meer, aflame with passion and prayer
On seeing the swan's grace of a Hindu maiden,
A bride blushing on seeing her lord,
A flame charmed by a wizard,
The Kartik moon with a lovely mole,
The ruby of Samarkand.

Sherwani — Mohammad Maqbool Sherwani, who died bravely, trying to stop the Pakistani raiders at Baramulla in 1947.

ZINDAGEE TA MOT

Akh baala kwolaah tshaala nivaan aas mè vònmas
Prütshühay bü kathaa boztam aasee tsè khabar dyav
Motuk ta hayaatuk tsè maa az taam löbuth pay
Vätsh aaba lähraa akh zi dariyaavüch bü chhasay zyav
Rukanüch mè mahal chhay na safar zyooth
karun chhum

Daamaana rôṭum soṅtakis betaab havaavas
Jaanaana lagay paàry kadam̐ thaav katha̐ boz
Khabraah mè vanakhnaa tsü kaan̐h margüch ta hayaatüch
Drasa dith su vóthum lonchi ma lam door ukun roz
Vakh chhuy na mè butaraäts halam poshi
barun chhum

Kami aashi vónum pomparas devaana katha boz
Naavas bú lagay karta tsaángis kam tsù aküý gath
Motúch ta hayaatúch mè kaanh dita taaza bashaarat
Tsháṭ dith ta zaálith paan kárùn ora yitsüý kath
Naaras andar théha paan laáyith yaar
sarun chhum

Akh taarukhaa meenzaana nish ðòl yaam mè vònmas
Haa rikyni gindan vaali rumaah paan tsù thàhraav
Motuk ta hayaatuk tsé maa az taam sòruth raaz
Traavith vwoshaa loyun sadaa vwony myaàny kathaa traav
Motùch mè chhay tsala laar vanay kyaa mè
marun chhum

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LIFE AND DEATH

I said to the leaping mountain stream,
'I'd like to ask — perhaps you know —
Have you found the truth of life and death?'
A rising wave said, 'I'm the river's voice;
But I can't stay — I've a long way to go.'

I caught the robe of the impetuous spring breeze.
'Stay a moment, sweet one, listen to me!
Tell me something about life and death.'
'Hold off! Don't pull at my robe', he said,
'I've got to fill earth's lap with flowers.'

With hope I said to the moth, 'Mad lover,
Pause only once in your grim career,
And throw fresh light on life and death.'
Gyrating in, he burnt himself up, saying only this,
'I've barely time to plunge into the beloved flame.'

Finding a star thrown out of orbit, I said,
'Stop a moment, O skier on heaven's floor!
Have you pondered the mystery of life and death?'
He sighed and shouted, 'I'm doomed and best forgotten;
Death is pursuing me — that's all that I know.'

NAGMA KARAAN AAFTAAB

Doorì bihith daari pyaṭh chhus bú tamaashaa vuchhaan

Gardishas andar zameen
Be makaan aasith mákeen
Gata rényaa akh naazneen
Maàrymànz ta mahjabeen

Khwoosh nazar dil shaadmaan chhus bú tamaashaa vuchhaan

Myàts havaa ta naar aab
Kith sanaa kàny hamrikaab
Vuchh na mè yuth inkalaab
Sòr na mè yuth kaañh hisaab

Maàjazaa akh be bayaan chhus bú tamaashaa vuchhaan

Shoka bàrith dòh ta raat
Chhu làdith insaanzaat
Mota nish tshaaraan najaat
Lola hàty gaaraan hayaat

Mànzilan doraan davaan chhus bú tamaashaa vuchhaan

Husan thavaan tsoori raaz
Ashak karaan saaz baaz
Lol chhũ bòḍ kaar saaz
Jasta nazar kad daraaz

Zoona ḍaban vany divaan chhus bú tamaashaa vuchhaan

Gul chhi vuchhaan ṭaari tàly
Pàshy chhi pakaan tshaayi hàly
Jal chhi tulaan shor vally
Yuth na chhàkiv nyaayi phàly

Asi chhu kunuy zuv ta jaan chhus bú tamaashaa vuchhaan

Dil grazaan valaveernüy
Sòthy tshyanaan takdeernüy
Bas gatshaan zanjeernüy
Zyav yivaan tasveernüy

Draatinüy kismat huraan chhus bú tamaashaa vuchhaan

THE SONG OF THE SUN

Sitting at my window, I behold far away
The earth on her diurnal rounds,
Houseless, though not unconfined,
Her movements a dancer's dream,
Moon-faced and beautiful,
With sparkling eyes and happy heart.

Earth, air, fire and water
In one happy comradeship!
I've never yet seen anything
So unaccountable, so passing strange,
A wonder so indescribable.

I see man run from goal to goal,
I see him crowding day and night
With intense desires uncountable —
Above all he wants to conquer death
And live in love's eternity.

Beauty guards her secret close,
But love plans his stratagem —
Love, most adroit of all,
Quick-eyed and tall,
Peers into moon-shaped balconies.

Flowers look with bashful eyes,
Birds are singing loud and clear,
Beasts move with infinite grace,
'O do not scatter grains of strife,
For we are one, heart and soul.'

There's thunder in the hearts of the brave!
The evil bunds of fate get breached.
Shackles shiver with fright and fall.
I see dumb pictures finding speech
And sickles blest with plenty.

Zindageeye hònd avaam
 Haz chhu tulaan shahro gaam
 Baàzygar motúky tamaam
 Taari gátshith subashaam
 Thela panúny hyath tsalaan chhus bú tamaashaa vuchhaan

Maksaduk dooryar chhu pòh
 Raath kuḍûr sheena kòh
 Aashako vwoth maar tshòh
 Chhuy ganeemat tapaa dòh
 Shaâyiraa dyooṭhum gyavaan chhus bú tamaashaa
 vuchhaan

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I see joy in town and village
In widest commonalty spread,
And merchants of death everywhere,
Bewildered night and day,
Run away with their evil bags.

I also hear a poet sing,
'Losing sight of your aim brings
Tedious winter nights and mounds of snow.
True lover, drink delight from life
For lovely is a summer's day.'

GAAMA MASVAL

Fitratùch shaahkaar soorat, azla abdùch sworga hoor
Zindagee hândi shaalamaarùch poshi thàr zan mas maloor
Maàrymànz butaraàts hânz kanavaàj aàvij hàṭy hânzoor
Gaama masval greesy koor

Vaakh Lali hânz sholavûny sanavûny Rasulmeerûny gazal
Yaavanas manz naara vuzamal loocharas manz môhrachhal
Bulhavas vyasaraan vuchhith yas kun gatshaan motas vadal
Vâsy pyavaan prath jâdy tshal

Nalavaṭan dwod hyôt baban yèmi shora patharyan
Aalatshyaras vol yèmi mad mèhnatas yèmi khor bosh
Yas na zaañh toophaan sâry sâry rov dil vyasarey hosh
Lola naaruk soor josh

Zindagee hònd raaz lôb yèmi rooz yas thàz ànzini kaâr
Kaami vizi toophaañ ta vuzamal lola vizi boonyaah ta yaâr
Toṭh yas zee kul panun syôd saada khwoparaa gaan vaâr
Ywosa na dyaaran rooz laâr

Kaàtyahan takdeeranûy roozith chhi gaâmûty dòh ta raat
Mâhala khaanan manz nakaaban tal sworûmy gaâmûts
Saavinyan lédremûtsan zoonan chhu yaavun haàrisaat
Mot hyath ôbrùch baraat

Zindagee khab dith vazaa daàree ta pardan thaàvmûts
Asmatùchi kam kam aliph laàlaayi vâny vâny saàvmûts
Haayinemûts zan bahee khaataah kathaa mansaàvmûts
Vuzamalaah tshêvaraàvmûts

THE VILLAGE IRIS

Nature's masterpiece! Eternal houri of Paradise!
Flower bush in life's pleasure garden! Urn full of wine!
Earth's necklace and graceful jewel in her ear!
O village iris! O peasant girl!

Lalla's lofty *vaakh*, poignant gazal of Rasul Meer!
In youth both gold and flash of lightning,—
She who leaves the sensual trembling and death
confounded,
On whom no charms can work!

She milks the breasts of stones, grows flowers on
stubborn soil,
Humbles the pride of sloth and shows the dignity of toil.
Storms cannot make her quail. Seeing her, love grows pale,
Ashamed of his puny flame.

She knows life's mystery, her swan's neck always high.
In work, she's storm and lightning; in love chenar and
pine.
She loves her son, a simple hut, a garden, a shelter for
cows;
She is not a slave of silver.

Others there are whose life's current stopped flowing
long ago —
Languishing veiled in mansions, with life anaesthetised;
For these poor pallid moons, youth comes as a misfortune,
A cloud that brings death.

They have ever lived gagged by conventional demureness,
Lulled nightly to slumber by fairy tales of chastity, —
Moth-eaten, mildewed, like an old account book,
Like a story long forgotten, like spent lightning.

Roba khaanan manz ändüry anyigõt nyëbüry zooluk jalaav
 Kuümathaah làdran swonas vaaraah magar lolas na baav
 Saaz neran parda tsáty tsáty trovmut vakhtan chhu daav
 Zindagee chhana band talaav

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Darkness in their parlours, illumination without;
Valued not for love, but trappings and trinkets!
But changed time will tear the veil and new songs will
be heard,
For life is not a stagnant pond.

NYATHA NĀNY MAANE

Zulfan chaanyan hònd gòn saayi
 Yath sàhraavas myaanyee maayi
 Páchh yaa rèty chham chaanyee yaad
 Dilakis darvaazas dubaraayi
 Vaansan pyaṭh kām̐y dooryar yòtsh
 Tami puts̐i maa samsaaras zaayi

Vaavan kòr shamahas bāly gyund
 Naba kyan tsangyan vātsh thatharaayi
 Jigaran thaavyov daadyan ṭhaan
 Kari kyaah dil chhus bar hamsaayi
 Naphrāts hāsrat vuṭha kumajaar
 Lolas nyaamat āsh dadaraayi

Sonchūky paymaanay gāy tang
 Bēyi maa sana kēnh kaālib draayi
 Hata saā bū ti kūna loluk srēh
 Hata saā bū ti chhus tuhūnzi traayi
 Kām̐y dōp yēti chhana aadam bōy
 Yim kyaah ada chhaa saāree tshaayi
 Achharan hònd zarbaph naayaab
 Nyatha nāny maane gaāmūty zaayi

Hoonis gardani swona sund kòr
 Rata chhēbi lagayo ath vwopharaayi

Yath hāndūris shaharas manz myon
 Baḍakyal dil ti chhu bōḍ sarmaayi

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NAKED THOUGHTS

My love provides this desert with
Your lovely hair's luxuriant shade.
Time and again your memory
Knocks wildly at the door of my heart.
Who would for ages live alone? —
It's not with that wish we were born.

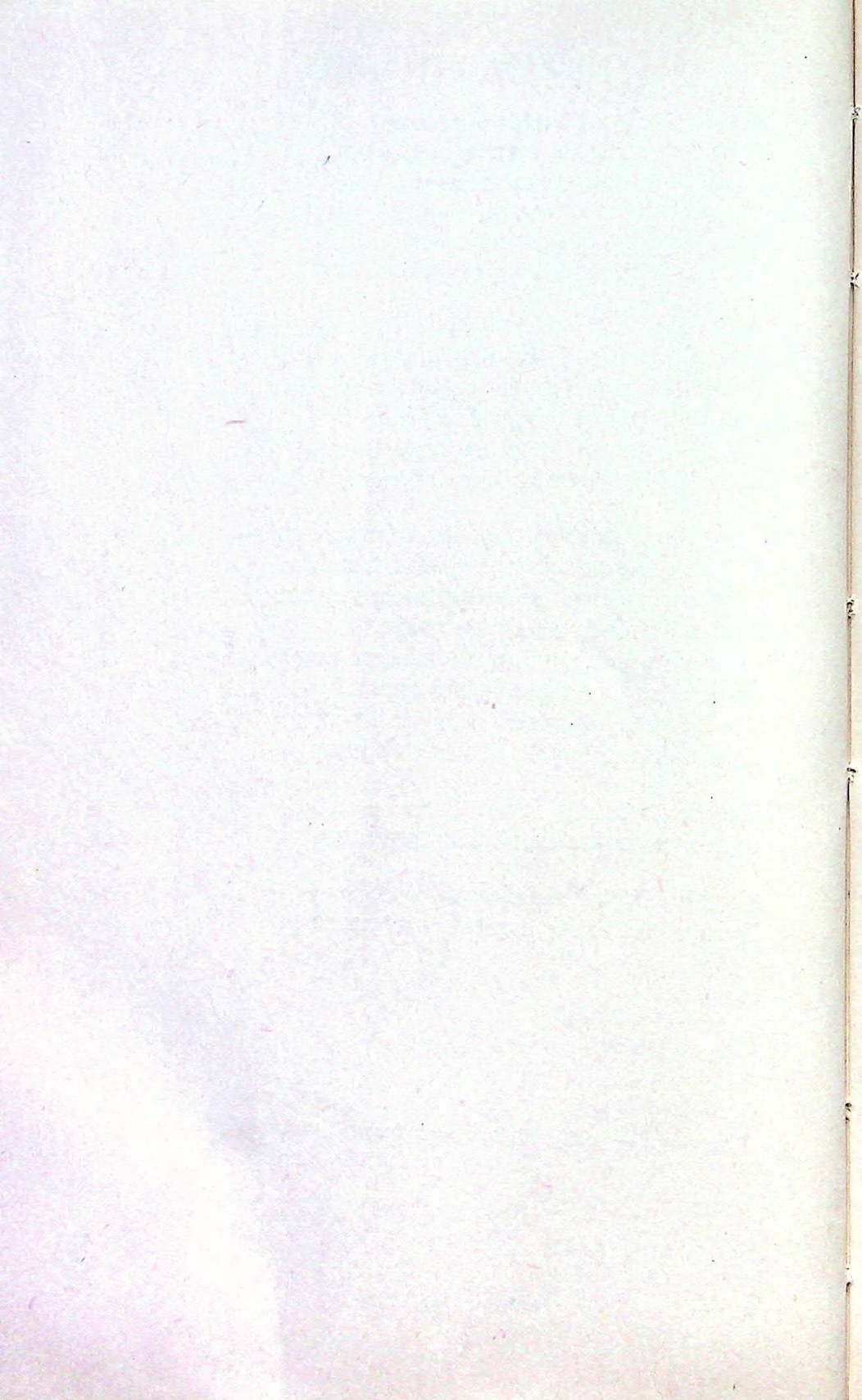
When the wind had idle sport with the lamp,
Trembling seized the lights of heaven.
Being helpless, for the mind lives close,
The heart put a lid on its agony.
Hate never will know softened lips;
Love is blest with streams of tears.

Old goblets are now too small for thought —
I wish some better forms were found,
Else I might sell, not sing love's yearnings,
And follow only in others' wake.
Who says man can't be found here now?
Then what are these? Only ghosts?
The brocade of words is not to be had,
And naked thoughts just waste away.

The dog wears a collar of gold —
O how your barking thrills my heart!

In this city of sad decay
Even a fluttering heart is a treasure.

old goblets — poetic diction and forms.



ABDUL RAHMAN RAHI

b. 1925

Born at Waza Pora, Srinagar. Orphaned very early in life. Passed the Matriculation examination as a private candidate. Later he passed Adib Alim, Adib Fazil, Munshi Fazil and M A examinations as a private candidate. Influenced by the progressives and joined the Communist Party. Started life as a clerk in the P W D. Later, was appointed lecturer in S P College, Srinagar. Founded, along with Firaq, Kamil and Akhtar Mohiuddin, the Muslim Communist Party. Joint Secretary, Progressive Writers' Association, Srinagar. Published *Subahuk Sodaa*, *Yim Sa'any Aalav*, *Loluk Partav*, *Sanaviny Saaz* and *Novroz Sabaa*. Won the Sahitya Akademi Award in 1969. Is now working as a Lecturer in Persian, University of Kashmir.

TASVEERÜKY ZÜ RWOKH

Nabas pyaṭh taarakav kari maala mwokhtas
Mè bassyav zan tsü chhakh pananyan amaaan saam
hyëni draamüts

Köhav päty zooni kör tshal kaala öbras
Mè döp zaáhir chhi chaánee praány kaañh vyas son kun
aamüts

Subah phöl bulbulav kör bol boshaa
Mè baasyav zan ti tsüy chhakh meethy aalav dith mè
vuzanaavaan

Havaa ðöl lanji phöl akh daan poshaa
Gumaan sapdum chhè chaánee lola mankal naar
chhákraavaan

Dalas vathy moj lájy thatharaay aabas
Khabar chham aadanuk kaañh haavasaa aasee tsé
tambalyomut

Bwoṭhyan pyaṭh lukh chhi praaraan naava taaras
Mè baasaan door gaaman saál karanuk zwon tsé chhuy
pyomut

Khalan pyaṭh byaály hëy hëy haály draamüty
Khabar tséy maa hyatsüth kwochhi kwochhi karüny tas
manzlikis laalas

Chhi rooziyaanas sámith az tsaath aamüty
Khabar tséy maa döputh götsh poṭ chhaavun zaa shuris
naalas

Banjaaryaa hakh divaan draav saanyi bara tály
Pazee aasee tsé ándy pákhy reeshamüch thatharaay hish
baasaan

Chhipar gánd shury bü anahaa baangi löt mály
Khabar chham haavasan manz chhay tsé natsanüch traay
hish baasaan

SYMBOLS

Stars in the sky are threading pearls;
Or have you come out threading your longings?

The moon outwitted black clouds over the mountain —
Looks like an old friend of yours is coming to me!

The bulbuls burst into song at dawn,
As if you were singing me a sweet aubade.

The breeze freshened, a pomegranate blossomed on the
bough,
Like your own hearth of love, showering fire.

The lake shivered, the waves grew restless
Like the tumult of old yearnings rising in your heart.

People are waiting on the bank for the ferry,
Like when you hear the wild call of the distant villages.

The peasants are out in the field with seeds —
You are rocking the little bud in your arms.

The hawker shouts his wares, passing my door;
I hear the rustle of your new silk dress.

The child is crying for a spinning top —
Your own ungovernable desire to dance!

Chhivaan aas maharēnyaa swormas ta saazas
 Mē dōp zaāhir yi chhakh tsūy yaavanūch kaañh shokh
 yēny yeraan

Javaanaa akh vuchhum doraan mahaazas
 Mē baasyav zan tsū pananyis aañganās chhakh praāny
 dwos sheraan

Chhi kaātyaah zindagee hāndy rang shoobaan
 Chhi kaātsaah dilkashee hēchhmūts yimav chaanyav
 ishaarav az

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The happy bride's face, lovely with rouge and collyrium
Tells me you're perhaps weaving bright patterns of youth.

When I saw a young man going to fight at the front,
I knew you were repairing your garden wall!

How beautiful are life's variegated colours!
How fascinating the symbols you speak to me in!

PATH AGAR YIYIHE TI MOTAS VAÄRY

Zindagee händy dòh chhi tshòty duniyaah punyim hònd
zoona gaash

Shabnamüky kènh tséh, gulaabüky saath kènh
Vath chhi mukarar malguzaarüch, aavarèny chhana
kaañsi hargiz tsèth rachhaan

Aadanas yaavun yivaan, yaavun gatshaan, paavaan bujar
Zindagee händy dòh chhi tshòty, haavas syaṭhaa phursat
kaleel

Au vòn gav ath vakhtakis tshwocharas ti hëyi kaañh
Kaäts hyath kapṭan karüny
Subhakis vaavas sulee thaavan nazar bāndee kārith
Shabnamas kaañh diyi na vasanay baag manz
Phwolana bronṭhüy traavi kaañh putsanith gulaab
Daam kènh aasaan chhi ath pyaalas andar
Loodaraah kaañh zulma kiny diyi tath ti kány
Zindagee hònd maachh tèli ṭyaṭhavyan banaan
Mot tèli baasaan chhu mushkil
Zuv chhu tèli lāmy lāmy kaḍaan

Boozymüty chhim vaaryaah afsaana sworgüky baarahaa
Jantachyan yambürzalan path raävy bōmbar beshumaar
Nakad khyaaävith kaätyahav vaanyav vwozum baapaar kòr
Vumbür vaätsum bekasee händy naaratäty lalavaan
Tû moyas kaava pakhi zan sheen pyom
Aaftaabaa os, pāky pāky tsaas mus, losun hyòtun
Uf! yémis motas chhi handaremüts nazar
Aānth ròs aasaan chhi maagüch sarad raat

Haa dilo! saazandaro! zarbaah dito! vaayun hyato!
Aaftaaban rang ho vaahraävy shafküky yaam losan gār
vùchhin

MONOLOGUE OF THE OLD WOMAN

How brief is human life in a world bewitching like the
full moon!

A few moments of the dew,
A few of the rose
Before we take the certain road —
For the grave and the pyre are no one's friends.
Youth follows childhood, then flies and, all too soon,
Crabbèd age arrives!
How brief is our life, but O, how unbounded our desire!

If some with determined shears
Clip further short this tragic brevity,
Shut morning breezes early in a cage,
Prevent the dew from falling,
Despoil the rose before it blooms —
When the cup has barely a few sips to offer,
The stone of greed still shatters it to bits —
The honey of life turns into bitter wormwood,
And death seems hard indeed.

O, I've heard all those oft-repeated tales of paradise!
Many a bee was lost pining for the narcissi of heaven.
Many a merchant gave the cash of here
For the credit of the hereafter.
What's my life? — the frost lies heavy on my wings,
While within I've played lifelong nurse
To poverty's sore burns.
My sun, weary and footsore, is now about to sink.
How cold is death's steady gaze!
How cold and dreary this unending midwinter night!

O musician heart! strike up your instrument!
Knowing his time of setting nigh,
The sun has suffused the western sky.

Vaay mè haa chham vaàtsmüts maharèny yi áchh phiry
 phiry vuchhaan
 Vahy yémis mosum gulalas chhum bèkaáree seena
 kórmüt daag daag
 Vahy yi dwos chham aavasyemüts rooda suüty
 Vahy yémis braáris chhi gaámüts nahkachee haálah mè
 suüty

Haa dilo! naadaan dilo! be silsilo!
 Dub dubaah karto tsü myaánis aadanas aalav dito
 Vahy ákis saatas agar yath duniyahs pyath aasihe
 myon ékhtiyaar
 Vahy ákis brúnzis agar vakhtuk yi duldul myaány
 marzee maanihe
 Aalamas dapunaah kàrith bàry bàry bü thavahaa maánzi
 dully
 Kaarabaarüky sath samandar traavahaa yakbaar vathy
 Raáts hònd daamaana rangahaa
 Aaftaabas sozahaa zarbaaph laagun kyut ta hañgas
 möhra gönd
 Vaayahaa yátskaály tumbakhnaär sòdaran manz bihith
 Aannganas manz ishka pechaanas sagaah dimahaa gutul
 Path agar yiyihe ti motas vaáry tas kyaah laarihe
 Thaávytan path jantachyan dedyan kuluph káry káry
 tswopaáry

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No wedding bells for you,
My big gazelle-eyed daughter!
O my poor son, broken by unemployment!
Look at this wall crumbling down with rain
And see this poor cat's strange attachment!

O heart! O foolish heart! Ungovernable!
Knock at the door of my youth! Call him back!
I would wash clean the dark robe of the night,
Send brocade for the sun to wear
And plumes for his head,
Play many a lilting tune while drifting on the lake,
Water the only convolvulus in my yard.

Then if death were to come, he wouldn't gather much —
And I don't care if they close all the gates of paradise!

ZINDAGEE

I

Zindagee baasaan chhi tami vizi gaasha ròs maskaásy buđ
Sahra vaktan sheesha pòt hyoo nab chhu yaamat kaala
òbruk buth vuchhaan
Taarakan hándy tsaángy tshévriith zooni zan nyaŋgalaan
chhu dyav
Baala pàty kiny hooly haaŋgay hish chhi gagaraayan
vwothaan
Vuzamalan hándy jin chhi yaamat naara páymüty neza
gilanaavüny hyavaan
Doth ðeeshith yaam sanglaatan chhi pháry vóthy vóthy
gatshaan
Aàlynaashuk bay chhu yaamat baagakyan jaanaavarán
motun phiraan
Beema suútyan yaam pyaaval gaavi hònd téchihor vòtsh
dam pháty gatshaan
Rooda neelan hònd grazun boozith békas pahryan chhi
kán vèsarüny hévaan
Daana kuṭh baasaan chhu áchh phiry phiry vuchhaan
Áthy andar yaamat chhi kaañh pulsúch jamaath roođy
phuṭraavaan yivaan
Hathkaryan sapdaan chhu chakchak pháŋgy chhi
dastaaran vuphaan
Barni tály tráhraan chhu taáris dil ta haàŋkal lyal karaan
Hukmi haákim gontsha trakaraävith chhu aaŋgan
manz atsaan
Prütshna ròstuy laam traavan vol mujrim tshaarane
Zan vanas manz kaañh tabardaaraah divaan vány
raáyilan
Zan shikaáryah kaañh Hòkarsar votmut
Bekhabar paáṭhyan chhi kastaan navjavaanas heri pyaṭh
Gaánṭ hish vaaraṭ nivaan zan jonṭh dith
Tophanüy hònd grany chhu gagaraayan gatshaan

LIFE

I

Life — a sightless, shaven old hag!

Before dawn, a glass-clear sky sees a black cloud
Putting out the lamps of the stars;
A demon swallows the moon. Behind the hills
Peals of thunder have raised a mad tumult,
And demons of lightning are brandishing their red-hot
spears.

The rocky hills tremble at the approach of the hail.
Birds grow death pale, seeing certain destruction of their
nests.

Fear holds the new-born brindled calf tongue-tied.
The foundations of poor huts totter.
With the roaring torrents of rain.
Granaries gaze, appealing and helpless.

And then a police squad, with flying turban crests,
Comes marching, their tread like hammers breaking
stones.

The clanking of handcuffs rings in the night.
The heart of the latch is a-tremble, the bolt starts wailing.
The relentless summons of law enters the yard
Without ceremony, to look for the fugitive felon.
Like a woodcutter looking for an oak,
Like a hunter on arrival at Hokarsar.
And, like a kite at one fell swoop,
The warrant takes away the youth on the stairs.
The thunder booms like cannon;

Vaav laaraan zan ta khrakh khemüts guryav
Daari bar tarsaan chhi zan ándy pákhy chhi bambaáree
gatshaan

Haali bad deeshith chhi kastaan maaji zyav taalas lagaan
Haari zan neerith tsalaan dabahor lôt
Bulbulas zan tshog kaanh thaph dith nivaan
Roosy kát zan naagahaani naar hyoo jañgalas vuchhaan
Yaam guly pathkun phirith tas broonthy kiny neraan
chhu támysund laalaphól
Yaam tas baasaan chhu pananyan haavasan hònd
aavasyomut baam yakdam vasy pyavaan

Zindagee baasaan chhi tami vizi gaasha ròs maskaasy bud

II

Zindagee baasaan chhi tami vizi mas chhivur tay
maary manz

Tsori baji bronthuy pahan yeli aaftaabas buth chhu
zan vwoshalun hyavaan

Maarbal kis madrasas manz

Yaam kaanh chapraasy kash kady kady chhu gar
vaayiny hyavaan

Tsaata kuthinuy manz chhi sapdaan zindagee kaadaah
kadhith bedaar hish

Zan chhi taapas aamanyemüts poshi thar kaanh obra
shéhjaaraah vuchhaan

Maashtar neraan chhi subahuk sanz karith

Tsaatabaajan dwon chhu tay sapdaan bonyan tal gindun
Zan chhé kotar joory kaanh hyor aasmaan khasanuch

drüy hish karaan

Madrasuk aangun chhu shury khelaah vuchhith
churygyush tulaan

The wind rears like horses scared and shying;
Doors and windows rattle
As if bombs were raining down.

Seeing this disaster strike,
The mother stands stunned, like a mynah
Whose spotted tail has suddenly come off, like a bulbul
Whose plume someone has rudely uprooted, like a gazelle
Seeing her forest burn, when her beloved son,
Hands cuffed behind his back, passes in front of her.
The scarcely erected terrace of her dreams crumbles down!

Life — a sightless, shaven old hag!

II

Life — a lovely woman, heady wine!

Four o'clock. The sun's face is flushed.
In the school at Maärbal the peon,
Swinging his arms lustily, strikes the bell.
Life in the class rooms wakes up with a yawn,
Like a flower shrub shrunk and limp with the sun's heat
Suddenly finding the shade of a cloud.
The teachers give the boys home tasks, and leave.
Two class mates decide to play under the chenars
Like a couple of pigeons resolving to soar in the sky.
The school ground raises a merry din, seeing children
at play

Zan chhi aalik jaanavar vuph hyath vasaan baagas andar
 Zan yivaan kuni laavi lanji yakbaar baaman neery neery
 Ädy kitaaban gand hyavaan, ädy mashka gilanaavaan
 tsalaan

Ädy davaan seemaab zan, ädy harana tshaalan mäty
 gatshaan

Chookydar traavaan chhu nyëbrim deedy vätsh
 Baazaruk baazar chhu soruy grakh karaan
 Chhola vaälis chhola tshär moklaan chhi brünzis manz
 ta aalan hakh lägaan

Äthy andar yaamat chhi kaañh maājaa bënyaa
 Hora baadaam vaari pyätha pbeerith yiman madras
 shuryan

Kochav ändury doraan vuchaan
 Yaam tas pananis vachhyas tséh tséh divaan mosum chhu
 baasaan

Zanta pakanuk sañz karaan
 Yaam tas neraan chhi haavas
 Shoka häty pananis gulaalas tsaatahal kun thaph kārith
 Yaam tas baasaan chhu duniyaah soñta kaluk khaab hyoo
 Bekhabar paat̤hyan chhu yaamat
 Tas mödur kaañh vanavunaah vwozalyan vuṭhan pyaṭh
 gath karaan

Zindagee baasan chhi tami vizi mas chivur tay maäry manz

| | | | |
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Like birds flying down from their nests into the garden,
Like buds appearing in profusion on a tender bough,
Some running strapping satchels, some swinging slates,
Some like quicksilver, some bounding like the deer.
The peon swings open the outer gate
And the entire market bubbles with life.
The gram vendor's stock is gone in a flash,
The beansman hawks his wares.

At this very moment, a young woman,
Returning from the almond grove
And seeing lithe children running in the lanes,
Dreams of a baby sucking at her breast,
And of a tiny toddler learning to walk.
Then holding her tender tulip by the hand,
She moves towards the school.
The world is a dream of spring time!
Unconsciously, a sweet song dances on her ruby lips.

Life — a lovely woman, heady wine!

Maârbal — the bank of the backwaters of the Dal Lake in Srinagar.

ÄZICH KATH

Yaara vwoth az baara toophaanaa tulav
Az natay ada kar vwothak ada kar zuvakh

Khaab vùchh vwony vaarayaah myaanyav àchhav
Haavasan hàndy tsaàngy tsèti zaálith syaṭhaa
Treshi hàty me baana thury paymaana gáry
Intizaarúky saaz tsèti vuzanaávythak
Subhakis nooras zahooras vata vuchhaan
Raäts hònd gaṭa zòl sòruth, kyaah dil kòruth
Ròph kòrüm yath daamanas raatas dòhas
Aamp roozüm kwom baraan yiyi soñt kaal
Maachh baáguri zindagee, ye boozy boozy
Tyathavyanas pyaṭh vumbri kòr guzraan me
Lol raṭi yèmi lola shahruk intizaam
Àthy zwonas manz naphratuk naaraah sòruth
Vakt tsaṭi paanay gwolaàmee hànz kamand
Yee vanaañ me màshy shikaaryan hàndy sitam
Az pagaah Gaṅgaayi lagi vath son kun
Àthy khayaalas manz tshwokaan gav aara chon

Yaara vwoth az baara toophaanaa tulav
Az natay ada kar vwothak ada kar zuvakh

Zoon khäts aakaash vwozumuy gaash hyath
Dòp bètaabav khòt dupáharuk aaftaab
Poshi gwondaraah vaäts guldaanas andar
Khaam tamahav zon soruy baag phòl
Yàndra dwosi pyaṭh khaär vuph jaanaavaran
Tas gumaan gav támý vuḍav kàr aalamas
Kaänsi yòdvay myàndý zù myàndý haäsil sapüdy
Deshivüny dòp kùsmatas bwochhi dod tsòl
Àami pana yèmy naavi hyòt sòdras lamun
Tas dilan kaḍ vwoṭh bù votus saähilas
Vaada yas sòny baavaṭyan hònd gav kanan
Tas gwoḍan hànz breedý gäyi nahakay màshith
Shraavanas yas öbra shehajaaraa banyav

LET'S TALK ABOUT TODAY

Rise, my friend, and let us raise a mighty storm!
When will you rise, when will you live, if not today?

My eyes have woven webs of dreams;
You've lighted the lamps of many desires.
Thirsty, I fashioned cups and measures;
You played tunes on patience' harp.
Waiting for the radiant light of dawn,
Brave friend! you lived through the murky night.
I darned my torn robe night and day,
Hoping that spring would fill it with plenty.
Trusting that one day honey would flow,
I cheerfully lived on the bitter fruit.
You bore the fire of hate in the faith
That love one day would rule this town.
I did not mind the hunter's scourge.
Time will break his darts, I said.
Your little stream kept dancing and gay,
In the hope that the Ganga would come our way.

Rise, my friend, and let us raise a mighty storm!
When will you rise, when will you live, if not today?

When the moon comes up with borrowed sheen,
The impatient cry: 'It's the midday sun!'
Flowers in a vase delude the fool
To feel that the garden is in bloom.
The fowl flies to perch on the low mud wall,
And thinks he has flown over lands and seas.
Seeing a man with a loaf of bread,
They say the world is rid of hunger.
Towing his boat with unspun yarn,
The fool feels sure he'll cross the lake.
The promise of gold bracelets dulls one's ears
To the clanking of chains in one's own feet.
Finding a summer cloud's luxuriant shade,

Tas mãshith gav maag maa kaḍi sheena tshaṭh
Dunyahuk thòd shaan tshaaraan yus akhaa
Paana sar nòmraavi, tas kus obray
Pagahükyan rangeen khayaalan myon zuv
Az magar äzykyan savaalan van javaab

Yaara vwoth az baara toophaanaa tulav
Az natay ada kar vwothak ada kar zuvakh

Äzychi kwochhi manz prazli pagahuk aaftaab
Äzychi berang zindagaani kar hisaab
Az agar buniyaaz kun kaañh srèh gatshee
Zaan pagahüh baḍ amaat sheena maany
Az agar brinzis tshihis dam phäty gatshakh
Zaan pagahuk gam chhu behad behisaab
Rang badlee az agar moyas äkis
Vakti peeree zaan pagahuk aaftaab
Az agar akh teer neree shahparas
Zaan pagahuk prath vuḍav sakhtüy azaab
Az agar gatshi dil vwodaasee kaäphilas
Pagahükis manzilas kadam traavun mahaal
Dil panun yòdvay bëpatsh baasee tsè az
Zaan pagahüh, dilbaree be etibaar
Az agar baagas hanaa chhaph kaäñsi hyets
Zaan pagahuk gulistaan taharaaj gav
Äzychi kwochhi manz prazli pagahuk aaftaab
Äzychi berang zindagaani kar hisaab

Yaara vwoth az baara toophaanaa tulav
Az natay ada kar vwothak ada kar zuvakh

Paara yus chaanyan khayaalan thaavi az
Suy phiraan sosan chhu myaanis yaavanas
Thaak yus sozee tsè dilakyan valvalan
Suy chhu cheeraan hòṭ mè nozuk haavasan

One forgets the chill winds December'll bring.
What does today's bent head know of honour
To dream of the world draped in honour and glory?
Take my very life for a colourful tomorrow —
But first give an answer for the problems of today.

Rise, my friend, and let us raise a mighty storm!
When will you rise, when will you live, if not today?

Today is the nurse of tomorrow's sun:
Take stock of your present pallid fate.
Moisture seeping into its foundation today
Makes tomorrow's mansion an avalanche.
If you feel stifled even for a moment now,
Infinite will be tomorrow's suffering.
If a single hair of yours grows grey today,
Crabbèd age will come tomorrow.
If you moult a single feather today,
How hard tomorrow will each flight be.
If the caravan loses heart today,
There'll be no march to the goal tomorrow.
If you can't trust your heart today,
Know tomorrow's dalliance unsure.
The slightest encroachment on your land now
Spells ruin of the garden you've planned.
Today is the nurse of tomorrow's sun:
Take stock of your present pallid fate.

Rise, my friend, and let us raise a mighty storm!
When will you rise, when will you live, if not today?

One who tramples on your thoughts
Puts a canker in my youth.
Who bans the beating of your heart
Strangles all my tender dreams.

Kaaphilas nish yus mè az byòn chhum kaḍaan
 Suy chhu chaānis mānzilas dooryar divaan
 Aāna haāvith yus tsè bularaavaan chhuy
 Yath ḍyakas myaānis nivaān thapi noor suy
 Yemy na myaānis gaāratas kōr ēhtiraam
 Suy chhu chaānis azmatas munkir banaan
 Yemy na chaanyan lola harfan thov kan
 Suy mè āndy āndy nafratuk zaalaan alaav
 Yemy tsè bobūsy gindana baapat soozynay
 Suy chhu vwony myaanyan machan kāny kāny divaan
 Yus litūr vaayaan chhu myaanyan jaṅgalan
 Suy ōgun tshēvraan chhu chaanyan daan gagan
 Yus kathan chaanyan krūhūny maane kaḍaan
 Suy chhu az myaānis fanas kapṭan karaan

Yaara vwoth az baara toophaanaa tulav
 Chaani lasanuk myaani basanuk sanz karav

Zindagee yus tshaal ganḍi tas ṭhaak kar
 Yus chaman paamaal kari tas laar kar
 Saz yath dil vaayi suy raazaah vanav
 Yee pagaah asi pēyi karun tee āzy karav
 Āzychi kwochhi manz prazli pagahuk aaftaab
 Āzychi berang zindagaani kar hisaab

Yaara vwoth az baara toophaanaa tulav
 Az natay ada kar vwothak ada kar zuvakh

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He who separates me from the caravan
Helps to make your goal more distant.
He who tempts you with fancy mirrors
Snatches the brightness from my brow.
He who doesn't respect my pride
Is the one who denies your greatness.
He who doesn't listen to your loving word
Surrounds me with the fire of hate.
He who sends you toys for play
Is hurling stones at my jars of rice.
He who brings down my forest trees
Snatches the fire from your hearth.
He who reads black meanings in your words
Tears, with his scissors, my art to shreds.

Rise, my friend, and let us raise a mighty storm!
When will you rise, when will you live, if not today?

Prevent anyone from playing with life;
Chase him who comes to blight the garden;
Speak the word that makes the heart sing;
Let's begin tomorrow's work today.
Today is the nurse of tomorrow's sun;
Take stock of your present pallid fate.

Rise, my friend, and let us raise a mighty storm!
When will you rise, when will you live, if not today?

SWONA LAÄNKI PYATH

Az hanaa bronthuy pahan akhtaaba loos
 Shokh rang shafkuk su kaayiry naar lôt lôt soory gav
 Shaama tshaayav akh âkis bangaaly zulfan shaana kôr
 Baala pâty lôty poory traavaan zoon khâts
 Taarakan mâstee chhi taaryan manz bârith
 Khwosh havaayan hûka vûchhith kyaah taam kâny shêchh
vâny ðalas

Hora kani vôth aaba maluraah yora kani pamposh gav
bedaar hyoo

Shaalamaaruk kôh chhu zan khaabaa vûchhaan
 Akh damaah yath laänki pyath bêh vuchh tamashaa
myaâny paâthy

Yor vaâtith shor shahruk paâny paanay kôl gatshaan
 Boz kami anmaana hêty maânav tswopaase shoka
vaayiny jaltarang

Kyaah môdur sozaah saroodaah phyoor talpaataala pyath
asmaan taam

Telbâly kiny draayi zaâhir byaakh saâlaâne shikaâry
 Voontâ kâdâlas nish chhu vunyi ðoongas andar prazalaan
gaash

Sonch kam kam shoka hâty aasan Naseemûky bonya
havahan saâvymûty

Sonch tsûy, mê chhu sonch vaâraagûy tulaan!

Sonch tsûy, mê chhu sonch az baasaan ðyakas pyath zan
tuluvy tywoŋgal vuhaan

Sonch kam kam shoka hâty aasan ðalûky yêmy maâry
mândy anhaâry phizahan maârymûty

Maârymûty, pharkaâvymûty, mashraâvymûty,
mansaâvymûty

Sonch kuûtsav mahjabeenav aasi yath aabas andar

Tshaayi hól seemab hish tan naâvmûts

Sonch az brônñ kuûty haavasnaak dil

Aasahan yath zoon gaashas manz chanuk haavas karaan

Kaâtyahav aashak dilav huth ðal dâhis pyath

Aasi kôrmut baala yaaras intizaar

ON THE GOLDEN ISLE

The sun set early today.

The golden glow died like a dying pinewood fire.

Evening shadows closed in, with their long, loose,
raven hair.

The moon rose, stepping lightly over the mountain,

And the stars appeared with drunken eyes.

The soft breeze, seeing something strange,

Whispered a secret to the lake.

A wave rose there, and here a lotus opened its eyes.

The hill behind Shalamaar is lost in dreams.

Come, rest a moment on this isle and watch with me.

The noises of the city grow mute on reaching here.

Listen! Sweet music fills the air from earth to heaven,

As if ardent souls on every side were playing on *jaltarangs*.

I think another pleasure boat is coming from Telbal.

Lights are still blazing in the boat near Camel Bridge.

How many pleasure seekers in Naseem Bagh

Must have been lulled to sleep by the soft chenar breeze!

Thought maddens me; thought sears my forehead

Like glowing red-hot mulberry coals.

Think how many have come here, seeking sensual delights,

Crazed by this lake's unravished beauty —

Crazed, tempted with blandishments, and then forgotten!

Think how many lovely women have bathed

Their silver bodies in these shadowy waters!

How many thirsty souls have gathered here

To carouse in the light of this same moon!

Many a lover has waited long

For his first love on that distant shore.

Kaātsahan maajan bēnyan òbruk yi chhòt chhòt rang
vuchhith

Aasihe dil tambalaavaan saāly vuḍanyan hònd khayaal
Kaātyaahan shaahanshan yēmi shaayi yuth husnaa
vüchhith

Aasahan baasaan barūty daamaana tshāry
Kaātsahav dildaar nazarav aasahan
Bròñh yiman neelyan khyalan pyaṭh
Lola saan molanaāvymūty chhāty mwokhtahaar
Kaātyahan bebaak yaaran aasahan yim kohasaar
Shafkatūch nazraah kārith bakhshaan yiraadan hònd jalaal
Kaātyahav betaab roohav aāsi az taamat yēmis taarakh
nabas

Dos gānzarith zindagee hānz bekaraāree baāvmūts
Haay yēmy Swonalaānki hāndy madhosh shaaman aasahan
Baarhaa az bròñh ti aavūrymūty mē hivy devaana
shaāyir vaaryaah

Haay tim nozuk navaa bulbul ti gāy vuḍavaah karith
Sheena baalan taaph pooryav gāy gālith
Soñta kyan rangeen pwoshaakan hardakaalan soor mōl
Yus akhaa gav vahy sū gav aphsoos gav
Kaañh jalaah chhuna tora zaañh pheerith yivaan

Kyaah yi marguk yup niyaa mē ti mool praāṭith
aākharas

Kyaah bū yima naa yor ada pheerith zūñhūy
Kyaah bū vüchhanāa dunyahuk gaashee pato laakaāny
zaañh

Kyaah mē bani naa zaañh ti yath Swonalaānki pyaṭh
shaaman byuhun

Mota kis panjaras chhanāa aḍa vātsh ti rozaan daār
kaañh

Haay ath sangeen kalaayas sapdinaa vāly vāly shagaaf

How many emperors has this enchantment here made feel
Poor indeed, for all their wealth!

How many sweethearts

Have with ravished eyes beheld

Priceless white pearl necklaces on these green lotus leaves!

How many fearless men

Have these mountains beheld with affection and

admiration

And blest with the majesty of noble resolves!

How many restless souls have poured their woes

To this starry sky, their only friend!

Drunken evenings on the Golden Isle

Have in the past too bewitched many a mad poet like me,

Where are flown those sweet-throated bulbuls?

The sun's heat melts the mountain snows,

And autumn sprinkles ashes on the colourful garments

of spring.

Alas, whoever has gone has gone for ever,

And no bird ever flies back from there!

Will Death's inexorable flood

One day uproot me and take me away?

Will I never again return?

Never again behold the warm light of day?

Never come to spend an evening on this Golden Isle?

Is there not even a half-open window in Death's cage?

Won't Death's stone walls ever crack?

Vaay kar gatshi ath tilasmaatas nanyar
 Kar gatshan azlúky ti abdúky nwokta hal
 Paáty kémy sundy paáthy kar gatshi
 Mot pananyee kaar saázi manz aseer
 Zindagaáneee sapdi kar haásil kamaal
 Kar chhu insaanás banun vwony laazavaal

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When will the veil lift from this mystery
And the truth of life and death be known?
Won't ever Death, like the silkworm,
Be enmeshed in his own toils?
When will life be triumphant
And man attain immortality?

the Golden Isle — in the middle of the northern part of the Dal Lake.
Camel's Bridge — in front of Nishat Bagh.
Naseem Bagh — the 'Garden of the Evening Breeze', laid out by
Shahjehan on the western bank of the Dal Lake.

GAZAL

Yana chaani yinüch shèchh ány soñtan tana sholani lôg
samsaar matyo

Tana nazaran phöly gulzaar matyo tana havasan
mushküny daar matyo

Chhana chaani amaarüch lay mashavüny chhana chaani
khumaarüch téh nashavüny

Yi chhi tyambüraah ratsi khwota ratsi tezaan yi chhu
naar akh zalavun naar matyo

Yéli dooryarakyan saharaavan manz kunyi saata
vwomezan tsaangy swotey

Vana kyaah bü dilas kus jumka hyötun vata vasluchi gayi
gulnaar matyo

Yéti zyav ta kalam rat pahra darav dubáraay dilüch
badnaam sapüz

Tati chaani gamüch devaanagiyaah nazran chhi
garaan talvaar matyo

Yina myaanis sabras kun tsü gatshakh yina myaani
khamoshee kun tsü vüchhakh

Sódaras ti chhu mänzy toophaan yina bròñh tshwopi hònd
aasaan anhaar matyo

Na chhu laphzan tyuth hyoo shokh kadam na chhu maane
titha kány tshaala tulaan

Banyi kitha kány myaanyan misran manz yiyi chon
rásyul raftaar matyo

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GAZAL

The world is bright and beautiful,
For your herald, spring has come.
My eyes see flowers everywhere,
And fragrant is my love.

Wherever I turn, I see you drunk
With youth and loveliness.
A spark quickens, the embers glow,
The fire blazes again.

When I floundered in the desert of separation,
The lamp of hope went out;
But a flame mysterious in my heart
Showed a flower-strewn path to you.

I am consumed with longing;
But they watch my tongue and pen,
Call my beating heart a shameless thing,
And their eyes stab me like swords.

Don't be misled by my patience,
Do not mistake my silence:
Before the storm comes crashing down,
The lake seems very calm.

How sweet you are, how beautiful,
With your movements of glad grace,
No limping words can ever express,
Nor my halting verse convey.

RUBAĀYAAT

Grazaan vātsh naagahaan vūny baala kwol akh
Tujin tshaalaah na kaañh sum rooz nay taar
Tithay yitha kány hanjaāree nazri suūtyan
Dahith kāmytaam vaajov myon lwokachaar

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Pagaah myaanyan kathan kaañh maane rozyaa
Amyuk phaāsai karan pagahūky swokhan sanj
Bū zan raṭa naala vyath azalūch ta abadūch
Agar kaasee tsē myon aalav azyuk ranj

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Ajeebūy rang ḍyooṭhum az bahaaras
Dilas tshwokh, rang royas laala zaaras
Gulaabaah heri bwon akh khooni mājloon
Magar asunaah phwolaan tas baa vyakaaras

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Mē vūchh vūny naazneenaah akh gamas manz
Vasaan ōsh daari, lōgmūt kaār tas kham
Hanaa brōñh kun pōkus baagas andar tsaas
Yambūrzali gōb gōmūt baasyom shabnam

QUATRAINS

The mountain stream came thundering down,
Obliterating bank and ferry
Like some one who with a mere look
Swept me and my youth away.

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Whether my words have meaning tomorrow,
Tomorrow's critics will decide;
But I'd find the gushing waters eternal
If they relieved you of present pain.

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There's unusual gaiety in the spring:
Even the wounded poppy's face is flushed with joy;
And smiles blossom on the face of that proud stoic —
The rose, bleeding all over like a slain lover.

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I saw a lovely maiden smitten with grief,
Her eyes streaming with tears, her bent neck grown stiff;
Moved by her plight, I drew closer — only to find
It was the narcissus bent with the weight of the dew.

Sitaaran az kamand laayaan chhu insaan
 Syathaa rut gav nazar mwokaleyi yaaras
 Magar akh pron armaan chhum dilas kònd
 Zameenas pyath ti gòtsh swokh dyun bahaaras

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Dilúky armaan chhi izhaarüch kaḍaan vath
 Vuzüny naagüch héchhaan paanay chhi raftaar
 Kalam phuṭarith agar öngjan ti hyan traash
 Ändrimy haal baavan khoona phamvaar

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Man now tries to reach the stars.
How good his horizons are unconfined!
But that old longing, like a thorn embedded:
Couldn't the world too be made a happier place?

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The heart's longings find their own expression,
The streamlet from the fountain its own path;
Even if they break your pen and chop off your fingers,
The streaming blood will speak of the inner urge.

SÁHLAAB TA SAÁHIL

Agar az ti kâr baanbarûy soñta vaavan!
Khabardaar chhuy ho dilo yuth na raavakh
Agar az ti sumbal tsalan rogi rogee
Yino bâly vunyub hyoo gatshee vôsh tsû traavakh

Mizaazay chhu paarud béswoxh kaayinaatas
Havaa ðól shamaa tshyôv tshwokyav shab subaah phól
Vunyee os kaphanas válith maag ðolaan
Vunyee vwoshli shraavun bahaaran mushûk môl

Hamav suûty shoobyaa vuchhun voñt sôdaras
Chhi mâts zindagee aâna mânzy aâna haavaan
Rabaabas galath naav thovukh kunukh swokh
Yi bedil chhu baaze dilûky daâdy baavaan

Kadas Laâli hândis kadûr kâr zamaanan
Davun môth na Majloona sund Najada vanas
Yémee saanyi butaraâts pêthy pôk Halaakoo
Yahây Haáfizas mas baraan aâs pyaalas

Kanyan manz chhi tshyaph hyath mwolûly laal aasaan
Kunee ranga kar khâts swonzal aasamaanas
Chhu yath lanji pyaþh kaav shwonganuk karaan sanz
Tátee nyëndri bulbul tulaan bostaanas

Chhi yath aalamas aâðaran êkhtêlaafûch
Azal sheena baalaah abad taapa kaalaah
Vanas manz chhi paadar sùhûny graz hakeekat
Panun mad chhu haranas ditsûn shokh ðaalaah

Dilo yuthna bâly daamanas laad hayaavakh
Chhi baagas andar rang barângy zaâts poshan
Ma kar khaana bándêe subaah shaam vakhtas
Gahe losi akhtaab gahi zoon roshan

THE FLOOD AND THE BANK

If the spring breeze is in haste again
And hyacinths now too leave by stealth,
Don't despair, O heart! don't sigh in vain
Feeling an illusion has faded away.

Mercurial are the moods of restless nature!
The breeze stirs, the lamp expires, night ends, dawn breaks.
Even now midwinter lay stretched in his shroud,
And now scented spring tells us that blushing June is near!

Should one use poles to plumb the sea? Mad life
Reveals glimpses of hidden realities.
The seemingly inanimate *rabaab* often echoes the heart's
anguish;
Those who give it another name, barter their peace away.

The world remembers both Leila's loveliness
And Majnu's mad raving in the desert of Najd.
This same earth over which Hulagu swept
Also poured out wine for the gentle Hafiz.

Precious rubies lie concealed in stones;
And many are the hues the rainbow shows.
The crow builds his nest for sleep on the very bough
From where the bulbul awakens the flowers.

The very basis of life is diversity;
Eternal have been sunshine and snow;
As real in the forest is the tiger's roar
As the youthful deer bounding for joy.

O heart, be free, not circumscribed,
For flowers in a garden are variegated.
Don't divide time into morning and evening,
For when the sun sets, the moon shines bright.

Agar lol prazlaavi phonoos zahanūky
 Judaāyee chhi husnuk mulaakaat baasaan
 Agar zan yupis manz bwoṭhik khaab vwotalan
 Matsar zindagee hōnd karaamaat baasaan

Agar rāṭ na yambūrzalav praaranūch khwoy
 Bōmbur zinda thaavaan chhu sontūch rēvaayat
 Agar zan harud aasi sozaan vandas say
 Dāzith bonyi rātsharaan chhi grēshmuk amaanat

Vōn gav chon haavas ta shokūch sharaafat
 Dilo tath chhi āshkūky yim atvaar praavūny
 Mē gōb baasi raatul tsē sahrūch tulūny kath
 Bū vwoṭh laayi naaras tsē gul mushkanaavūny

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With love brightening the lamp of imagination,
One finds union in separation too.
If one can hope for the bank in a flood,
The miracle of life seems passing strange.

If the narcissi have not learnt to wait,
The black bee observes the rites of spring;
And if autumn sends its earnest to winter,
The burning chenar still treasures summer's trust.

As for your desires and chastening your passion —
For that, O heart! learn to acquire love's modes:
When I find night oppressive, you must talk of the dawn;
I leap into the glen, you give fragrance to flowers.

Hulagu — A descendant of Chengiz Khan who devastated large areas
of Asia and reduced Iraq to a desert by destroying its canals.
Hafiz — Persian mystic poet.

VISHWA NATH VISHWAS

b. 1926

Born at Sopor. Studied upto the Matriculation, after which he was appointed a teacher. Started writing in 1948. Most of his poems have been published in journals. Literary influences: Nadim and the Russian authors.

ANĀDY HAĀNZ

I

Ithakāny chhuy ḍyaka phwolavun baasan
Traay vuṭhan hānz chhay asavūny hish
Kathi tala chhus raavaan amaapōz
Zaani khwodaa kam gul phōlaraavakh

Vuchh saā khabarūy chhay karanaavyaa
Yath kwoli tez bahaav chhu kath kun
Kath kun chhay karanaav tsē khaarūny
Ath kotaah chhuy taakat laagun

Hōl gaṇḍ cheera hyamath kar taamat
Phuchmātsi naavi chhu mānzilas vaatun
Zor kārith jabroothaa haāvith
Zima chhay naav bārūts bōṭh khaarūny

Vwony ta kaḍūth luka naav tsē paanay.
Nabzas nabzas chhuy hyas thaavun
Kala maa kaḍi kunyi ōbra lōngaah hyoo
Vaava lathaa hish maa kunyi traavyas

Khooris yuth na tsalee thaph neerith
Yuth na ḍalee khwor hamatul laāgith
Yuth na sanyar ḍeeshith dil raavee
Graayan yuth na yi naav tsū laagakh

Gwoḍa chhee ratsa phāly atha khwor aāvily
Vuchh kath kaaras paan tsē loguth
Ati shooban atha traṭa pholaadūky
Khor gatshan pātharis vuzanaavūny

THE FOOLISH BOATMAN

I

Your countenance seems cheerful,
A smile playing on your lips;
But the way you talk fills me with doubt —
God knows where you'll lead us!

O ferryman, be sure you know
Which way this stream is racing down,
How you can save your ferry boat
And what strength this task demands.

Gird your loins! Courage now!
This leaking boat must reach the goal.
Do your job with might and skill
And steer this boat to the bank.

Since your boat is on the waves,
You'll have to watch with every pulse;
A flake of cloud may rear its head
And the wind's kick make it burst.

Firm must be your hold on the oar,
Firm your feet when you push with the pole;
When you find it's deep, your heart shouldn't sink,
Leaving the boat a prey to the waves.

With your hands so small and feet so soft,
I wonder why you chose this job
Which calls for hands of the firmest steel
And feet whose tread would shake the earth.

II

Tse nam naavi ròṭuth nyabarüy kun
Vath hay baály ta yót kòt laàgith
Buthi maa laagakh asi vwonda manzaras
Dokhay maa aàs traay vuṭhan hānz

Tse zaalaah hyoo aabas trovuth
O ta tsür maa chhukh gaaḍan draamut
Heela kārith luka naav tsè kādthan
Manz dariyaavas loguth zaalaah

Haanzaa nazar thāvūth gaaḍan kun
Khoodis tshün thaph vunyi chhuy aadan
Pòt hyòt naavi lamun güthi suütyan
Asi läjy gatshni dilan dubaraaray

Aalav saány gatshaan chhee kány pätý
Mula tala kal chhay äthy zaalas kun
Chaanyi diluk var asi maa ñeshov
Nata kus lagihe yath sählaabas

Ähh tul thòd vùchh vaara nabas kun
Vaava mushak hyoo hargaah traavee
Hargaah kār maa naagakaány davaa hish
Vijavavaan zan kòḍ vaashaa hyoo

Hosh tsè maa ḍalanay küṭa haanzaa
Zaal tsalee maa atha manza vyasarith
Zaal valee maa garzuk soda
Garza matsar maa kharee daaras.

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II

Why is this boat now outward bound
 When our course along the bank should be?
 Will you have us caught in a whirlpool now,
 And was that smile put on as guile?

What's it you've now flung o'er the waves?
 O, it's for fishing that you've come!
 Pretending to ferry a crowded boat
 You started, and midstream cast a net!

O boatman, your eyes are fixed on the fish!
 But grab your oar! There still is time.
 The current is forcing the boat turn back,
 And our hearts are beating wild with fear.

You turn a deaf ear to our cries,
 For the net absorbs your heart and soul!
 Had we only guessed your evil plans,
 We'd not have landed in this plight.

Look up and scan the sky with care.
Mushk may well be on his way,
 Or *Naagakon* just race along,
Vijavaav may only yawn and stretch —

You will quail, O foolish boatman!
 The net may slip out of your hands:
 Greed may weave a web around you
 And have you hoisted on the gallows!

Mushk, *Naagakon*, *Vijavaav* — three different directional winds, considered dangerous for boats, particularly in the Wular Lake.

VASUDEV REH

b. 1926

Born at Sopor. Became blind in infancy. Has been practising as a *hakeem*, diagnosing merely by feeling the pulse. Started writing in the 50's and came into prominence in the 60's with the publication of his collected poems *Shāb Gard*. His diction is like Zinda Kaul's. Though he is blind and has only a vague sense of landscape, his visual images are most accurate.

SHAB GARUD

Maane booziv yiman kalaaman hoshaa hosh
 Aalav myon yi shaaman shaaman hoshaa hosh
 Daay mè yee dyun khaasan aaman hoshaa hosh
 Aalav myon yi shaaman shaaman hoshaa hosh

He vùchh saà myaàny bèdaàree aakhùr maa twohi taar
 diyav

Path brònh vùchhinay nyandùr agar traàviv thapalis
 maa aar yiyav

Vumri sòmbrovmut raaviva ratsh khand kaànsi agar
 vyastaar yiyav

He vunyi maa chhi kàmee badnaaman hoshaa hosh
 Aalav myon yi shaaman shaaman hoshaa hosh

Myon sadaa gav khaàlis baayav hosh habaa hushyaar
 habaa

Yath samsaaras naahamvaaras chaara dinas chhuna
 taar habaa

Kyaazi rachhun aaraam chhu tava kiny aaraamas
 chhuna vaar habaa

Yuth na hyamùts hònd traàviv daaman hoshaa hosh
 Aalav myon yi shaaman shaaman hoshaa hosh

Yina saà aalav myon gatshiva kàny pàty ta yi boozith
 mashiraàviv

Yina saà panun àzyuk yaa pagahuk soñchun bèyinüy
 pyaṭh traàviv

Yina sàny tsooras deenas darmas driyan ta kasman
 kan thaàviv

Mwokhsar thàvzi nazar anjaaman hoshaa hosh
 Aalav myon yi shaaman shaaman hoshaa hosh

Yina kana ðol diyiv krakh boozith, raay gatshèv asi
 kyaa saà he

Yina zaàniv yi chhu par aalav, àsy paan rachhav, asi
 kyaa saà he

THE NIGHT WATCHMAN

My cry every evening is 'Beware!'
And when I say 'Beware!' I mean what I say.
It's my caution to you all, young and old,
When every evening I cry out 'Beware!'

My vigils, O my friends, are not enough to see you through.
If you yield to careless slumber, no thief will hesitate,
But with the slightest chance will take whatever you
have saved;
And there's no dearth of knaves, beware!

I only cry, 'O brothers, wake up and beware!'
In this uneven world, you've to struggle to your end.
If you'd secure your peace, surely now's not the time
for rest!

Do not let go the skirt of courage, beware!

Do not take it lightly when you hear my call.
You shouldn't let others plan your present and your future.
Have no faith in robbers' oaths, their duty and their creed.
In short, think of what may happen, beware!

When you hear my cry, don't say, 'What's it to me?'
Don't treat it as an alien voice and say, 'What's it to me?'

Yaamath kaañh gatshi naaraah dith, yina twohi baasyava
asi kyaasaa he

Myaany yèhay krakh shahran gaaman hoshaa hosh
Aalav myon yi shaaman shaaman hoshaa hosh

Zari hanaa vakh krooth hasaa vùchh saà taamath
kyaah kari insaan

Vuchh saà yee maa rozi dòhay yi chhu doraah ath kyaah
kari insaan

Thaph thwos hèyi path paanay sòt sòt, nyath rozyaa
kath, kyaah kari insaan

Baayav hosh yiman ayaaman hoshaa hosh
Aalav myon yi shaaman shaaman hoshaa hosh

Bahraalti ta shury hwoka chee chee yina yaaro mismaar
gatshiva

Naala ràtyoon yi yovun, vakh yina atha manza raaviva,
phyaar gatshiva

Sarphas been gatshiva yina par krakh, nahka yuth na
karaar gatshiva

Yina rèh zaaliva maharènyi khaaban hoshaa hosh
Aalav myon yi shaaman shaaman hoshaa hosh

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When someone starts a fire, don't say, 'What's it to me?'
That's what I shout in town and village, beware!

The time is slightly out of joint; how can one set it right?
Though this can't remain for ever, it's a phase one cannot
change.

Brigandage will slowly cease, but God knows what'll be left.
Beware, O brother, these times, beware!

O friends, save the toy houses you as children built in play.
Hold fast to the present time; to let it slip is folly.
Don't rest when the pipe calls the snake; it's not a foreign
sound.

See that the flame doesn't burn the bride's dreams, beware!

YATH CHHU SÀHLAAB YIVAVUN

Yi dyut aabshaarav sadaa sòm ta sanavun
Vakhat chhavunuy gav labun mánzila praavun
Agar nay vuchhith hee tsè lavaháts prabaatan
Na prazanaavahan shabnamuk srèh na shraavun

Agar myaàny zyav thaavanuk skok aasee
Agar myaàny paàthen tsü vaatakh dōlaaban
Vachhas manz thavakh thōkmutüy myon hyoo dil
Hèchhakh paana vyagàlith pazar sholanaavun

Agar zan na yaaras ta yaaras amaarüch
Vanan sapni man akh àkis aalanaavan
Chhu kyaah path yi hènze ta hury maànzi raàtsan
Siriph maànzi pan aàdarith mandachhaavun

Siphat vuchh mè aabas ta kuümath sharaabas
Kibür dolatas poshivun baav lolas
Chhè zoraavaree haajatas shoob hisharas
Ta yee nazri yun gav zagath parzanaavun

Mè vaaraah vönuy yath chhu sàhlaab yivavun
Yi zaanakh ti kar vakh ma raavar kadam tul
Pàzis hòl vuchhuth, saath gav, vuchh havaah döl
Khabar kus nabuk ruüph pèyi aazmaavun

Chhunaa kaànsi zan zol mas naara taavan
Gàyas kaañh kathaa ruüph rovus ta volyav
Agar zan na ami saata ròchh yaar yaaran
Ti gav daag dith maayi mwol raavaraavun

Vuchhiv naala ràt pomparan rèh, ta bulbul
Panun paan gav phulàyi dith, shok chhovun
Yi gav jaanavar paàthy vaatun iraadan
Tamaah rut karun paan dith naav thaavun

A FLOOD IS COMING

The waterfalls declare in deep, sustained tones:
To live every moment is to find your goal.
If you don't see jessamine dew-drenched at dawn,
You'll never know midsummer or the dew's tender passion.

Should you desire to have a voice like mine,
Have a heart that shrinks from no experience,
Enter and resolve tangled complexities. You'll learn
That you yourself must melt to make truth blaze.

If true love does not bind two souls,
Who each to each unfold their minds,
Then why these festive hymeneal songs?
It's just putting to shame poor henna paste!

I know the world, for I have seen
The tyranny of want, grace in equality,
The pride of wealth, love's enduring bond,
Mere expense in wine, virtue in water.

I've often warned you that a flood is coming.
Lose no time! Keep moving on! You can no longer
Wink at truth; the times have changed!
God knows what heaven's new form we'll face tomorrow!

Imagine someone's face distorted with wild anguish,
As if a strong fire were singeing his hair,—
If a friend doesn't save him in this hour,
Stained and worthless is his love indeed!

See the moth clings to the flame; the bulbul
Finds bliss offering his life to the blossoms!
This is how birds attain their goal—
Lofty the aim and the path self immolation.

MUZAFFAR AZIM

b. 1934

Born at Gotlipura, Gulmarg. Educated at Srinagar where he passed the B Sc examination in 1955. Has been in Govt service ever since and is at present in the Govt Silk Factory, Srinagar. Started writing in Kashmiri in 1953. Has published his poems under the title *Zolaana*. Attended the National Symposium of Poets held by the All India Radio. Won the State Academy award in 1964.

RUBAĀYEE

Vwolur os graayi maaraan tshaayi
 høl byooṭhus bũ shéhjaaras
 Dādūr khàts aasmaanas kun
 mòdur loluk taraanaah hyath
 Amaaran josh hyoo dyutnam
 dilũch dubraay tezeyam
 Bũ zan aamut sharaabuk akh
 sòdūr ñeeshith ta baanaah chyath

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QUATRAIN

I lay reclined in the cool shade,
As I saw Wular's dancing waves.
A *didir* heavenwards took his flight,
Singing sweet songs of love.
The embers of my passion glowed,
My heart beat loud and fast,
As if I had seen an ocean of wine,
And drunk there hard and deep.

Didir — the Himalayan tree creeper.

GHULAM NABI KHAYAL

b. 1936

Born at Shala Mohalla in Srinagar. Studied in Islamia High School, Srinagar. Wrote in Urdu till 1954. Was appointed News Reader in Radio Kashmir in 1956. Arrested in the Hazratbal agitation in 1958. Translated Omar Khayyam in jail. Employed in the Research Section of the Cultural Academy in 1959. Editor of the Plebiscite Front weekly, *Mahaaz* in 1964. Later, started the weekly, *Kaashur Vatan*. Edits now the Urdu weekly, *Iqbal*. Literary influences: the English Romantic poets. Has published *Zanjoori hōnd Saaz*, *Paraagaash*, *Zoon Taarakh* (stories for children) and *Gaashury Manaar* (critical essays). Has translated from Greek and Persian.

SHAMAA TA SHAAYIR

Shabakyan sihaah pardan vâlith humi baala pátykiny
siriyi pyav
Tulanaar hyoo shaamuk shafak bëyi asta astay soory gav
Hum kuly ti gày haybunga hee shóngy jaanavar aalyan
andar
Khalvat chhu vaashaa hyoo kàðaan tanhaäyiyav
mutsräavy par
Vuchh huth Sulaymaan taali pyaṭh tanhaa kunuy tsoṅgaah
dazaan
Baasaan chhu bram bram chok zan vati pakvünyan
zaagaah hyavaan
Zan mworda ḍolaan kaphna ròs, baalan titshüy shaklaah
gamüts
Ath zooni zan sarsaam hyoo taarakh nabas latsh hish
pyèmüts
Saazas chhi läjmüts möhar hish avaaz gaämüts benavaa
Prath tarpaha bozaan myaäny kan bas raatamwoglan
hònd sadaa
Zan paad vakhtas loosymüty vunyi aasi khwoftan vaatanay
Nazran chhu aamut jera hyoo dooryov zan subhuk samay
Dilakyan chhwokan bulgaar hyath hijras visaalüch aash
hyath
Kworbaan karahäy jaan-o-dil shamo tsü aaham aash hyath
Vwony gav tsé chhuy lonuy yuthuy yèmy hyòt yi dazunuy
azla mäly
Dázithüy tsé pompüry gath karaan tshèta gokh tay
pompüry ti tsäly
Butaraäts händy yim rang vuchhith yuthno zünhüy
tangdil banakh....
Tsèti vaava toophaan zaaganas mèti neza hyath aalam dilas
Farhaad laalan hònd azal dwodakwol kàḍith aphsoos
khyòn
Namrood aasun shaah banun Sukraat aasun zahar chòn

THE POET AND THE LAMP

Wrapped in night's shadowy veils, the sun dropped
 behind that hill,
 And the crimson glow of the evening sky began to fade
 away.

The trees stand dumb; the birds have now retired to
their nests.

Solitude stretches itself; loneliness plumes its wings.
The solitary light burning on the top of Sulaiman
Is like a will-o'-the-wisp lying in wait for wayfarers.
The mountains look like deserted, unshrouded corpses,
The moon like one in a swoon in a haze-covered starry sky.
Silence has sealed all music, and hushed lies every voice
But for the owl's hoots that assail my ears from every side.
Time moves with tired feet; dusk has not changed to night,
And wild despair grips one's soul, for dawn seems far away.

I'd give my life for you, O lamp! for having brought me
light,
A balm for heart's sore wounds, a hope that I will meet
my love.

Though burning is your destiny, for you chose it at
your birth,

The moths that are dancing round your flame will
forsake you when it's out.

This is the way the world goes, but it shouldn't warp your soul.

Wind and storm seek your life as the world's spears
are aimed at mine.

Namrood was destined to be king, Socrates to drink the
the poisoned cup,

Farhad fruitlessly to dig a canal for milk to flow.

Humy khaamkaaran jaam tul yemy aashkan talkhaaba
 Huth malguzaaras pholy chaman yath poshi baagas doth
 Kam gulbadan khaakas raley shinyaah baney kam
 Samsaara kis ath gardishas chhapi lagy syathaah
 Kama doli yeti dolaan vuchham kath maanzi deethum
 rab gatshaan

Gaah achh distam taarakh anyim gaah osh kunum
 Sanyiran vothus voganyan khotus gindunaah korum
 Yemy paam katakuchi zooni thav me chhu-az ti deedan
 Me chhe az ti deedan tal swo tan ywosa aana pot hish
 Me chhu az ti tamysund sarvi kad istaada thaavaan
 Me chhi az ti tamysunza harana achh mas pyaala
 Tamahan agar samahuy sapud haasil na kenh maatam
 Lalavun gulaabas daage dil lalavaan magar tshwopadam
 karith

Yi chhi zindagee azalay yitshuy gaah soita vaavuch
 Mosum diluch dubaraay hish tas yaara sunz pot tshaay hish
 Yi chhi zindagee azalay yitshuy gaah zahara boormut
 Vati pyath sademuts laash hish yemi jelkhanuk shaam
 hish

I've seen wine for the worthless flow, true zeal
rewarded with bitterness,
Flowers in the graveyard bloom and hail destroy the
bowers.
What lovely forms are dust, how many houses desolate!
How many young men gathered by the mortal scythe of
Time!

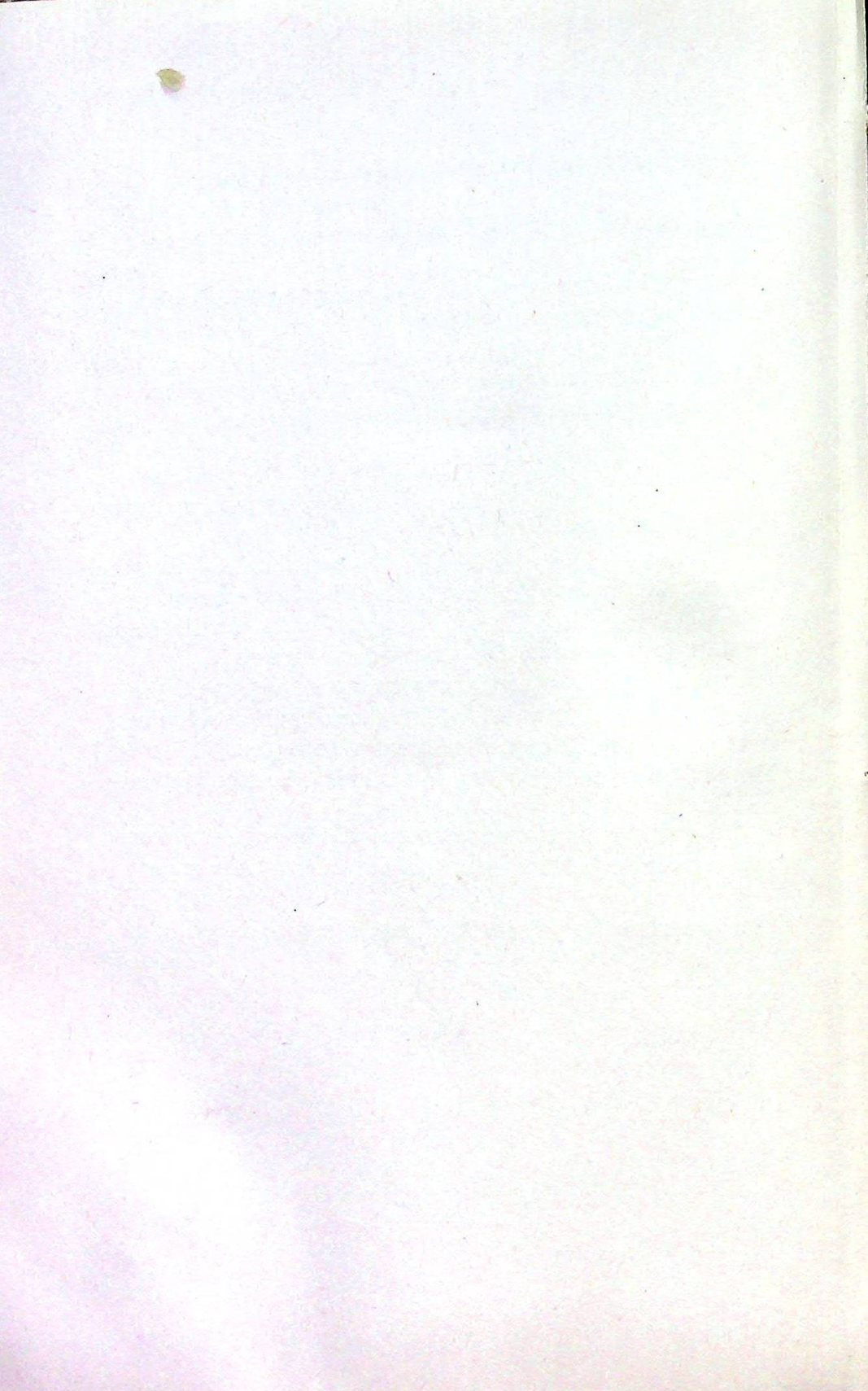
O how many are palanquin-borne only to desolation,
Bright henna changed to dull mud on their hands!

My eyes have ached to see the stars, and I've paid for
the dew with my tears.
My days are spent here plunging into the deeps
and shoals of thought.
But ever floats before my eyes the face that shames
the Kartik moon.

That body lovely like the mirror-clear stream,
That cypress stature which keeps alive my flame,
Those fawn's eyes at which I've drunk goblets of wine.
O what use is it to cry when dreams were strangled young!
The tulip nurses the wound in his heart: he does it silently.

O life, with your changing moods of the spring breeze,
The impulsive beating of an innocent heart, the grace
of one's love!

You are also the poison-filled cup, a corpse decaying on
the road,
An evening in this jail.



MOTI LAL SAQI

b. 1936

Born at Mahanoor, Badgam. Educated in Srinagar. Passed the B A examination in 1965. Started writing in 1952. Literary influences: Nadim and the English Romantic poets. Drawn towards the Cultural Congress during its last phase. Published his poems under the title *Môdiiry Khaab*. Has also published a collection of Kashmiri folk songs, *Kaâshiry Luka Baâth* (4 vols). Works in the Ministry of Agriculture. Was for some time on the staff of Radio Kashmir in the Rural Programme section. Is also on the editorial staff of *Saman Bal*.

SAHRA PYATHA SUBAH TAAM

Thàkith yèli raat pèyi kôha taali pàty kiny
Sangarmaalav buthis hyôt noor chhaavun
Havaavan hyôt vanan manz saaz vaayun
Palav hyôt aabi Koñsara paan naavun

Gyavun hyôt veri subahüchi zora aaran
Yi zan hyôt maaji kwochhi manz laala saavun
Gatshni lägy braänty raatas pananyi motüky
Yuthuy hyôt taarakav tañzi ñer thaavun

Yuthuy gaashan gätis kâr laar and kun
Rèhaa hish paäda gäyi ufkas rwokhas pyaṭh
Yi ñeeshith gaasha taarüky kaâr nômraäv
Yi zan prütsha gaari kaañh aamut dwokhas pyaṭh

Nazar yaamat pèyam mwokhtay ñalan kun
Phólum dil aashi hyôt praagaash traavun
Vuchhith subahuk yi rang gav me khayaalaah
Yi maa draamüts Zuvalmaal tshal karith az

Rasul Meeras tàmis os vaada thaavun
Hayaatas bosh khôt insaan prazalyav
Tavay mashrik chhu navi nooruk payambar
Phwolaan yiyi subhúkee paäṭhy zindagaanee

| | | | |
|-----------------------------------|-----------|------------|----------------------|
| ä : pertain | aa : bird | e : male | è : mèṭ |
| o : go | ò : oasis | ù : script | uü : long ü |
| wo : got | ṭ : till | ḍ : do | ts : tsar (Russian) |
| consonant + y : सत्य, अन्य, मुख्य | | | tsh : aspirate of ts |

DAYBREAK

As the tired night sank behind the mountain,
Young dawn put radiance on his face;
The morning breeze played soft tunes on forest trees;
Boulders bathed in Kaunsar waters;
The streams sang softly morning songs
Like mothers singing lullabies
To tender infants in their arms.

The night beheld its death draw near;
The stars in a row packed up their goods
As light chased darkness from the sky,
A flame appeared on the eastern hill;
The morning star bent low his head
And departed, like some one in grief.

As I looked at the lakes of pearls,
My heart bloomed, hope radiating light.
Seeing the morning's splendour, I felt
That Zuval Maal had come by stealth
To keep her tryst with Rasul Meer.
The east was the prophet of the coming light,
And gentle nature seemed to say
That life would be like the flowering dawn.

Kaunsar waters—The Kaunsar Nag is a mountain lake on the northern side of the Banihal range.
Zuval Maal—one of the names given by the poet Rasul Meer to his beloved.



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